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DECEMBER 8, 1956

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Asked where he lived, the actor, producer, company director recently replied – "In an aeroplane". In recent months business and pleasure have taken him over 20,000 miles by air. Fortunately Mr. Fairbanks enjoys flying – and like most other distinguished travellers he prefers the luxurious way – Lockheed Super Constellation.

Mr. Fairbanks and his wife booked a flight to New York. They will fly from Paris early next spring in the bigger and faster new Super Constellation via AIR FRANCE.

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JOHN GREGSON starring in 'The Battle of the River Plate'—
the picture chosen for this year's Royal Film Performance.

The battle for 'The Battle of the River Plate'

THE VICTORY at the Battle of the River Plate has now settled proudly into place in our history. It was a peculiarly British type of engagement — a gritty fight against odds.

The Battle of the River Plate is a mighty story. To tell it in a film has been a delicate task. Overplayed, it would have been embarrassing. Underplayed, meaningless. It needed an accurate sense of balance, sound judgement. Yet this film of British behaviour was very nearly made by the enthusiastic showmen of Hollywood, who wanted this story badly. In the event, The Rank Organisation ensured that a piece of British history would be recorded by a British film company.

The battle for the Battle of the River Plate thus had a satisfactory outcome. But how many do not? In competing with the rest of the world we are cruelly hampered as long as Entertainment Tax in this country takes £33 million a year from the industry. If the home market were our only outlet, under present taxation our films would very seldom recover their costs of production.

But what of the future? The British film industry at the moment is just about holding its own. We live on hope. In hope. In hope that the Government will recognise the importance of the work being done by the industry and reduce Entertainment Tax to a bearable level. Then we shall have the money to produce more films of an even higher standard, and meet world competition on more equal terms.

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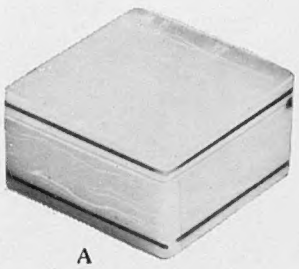

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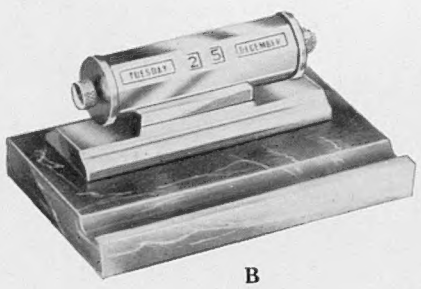

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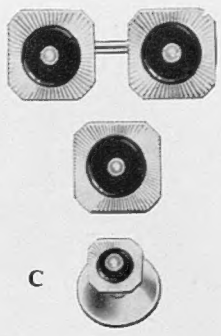

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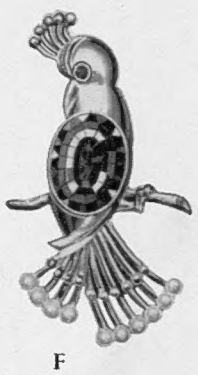

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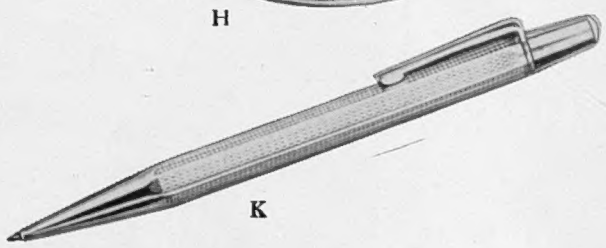

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Continental, jacquard stripe, all silk ties which show up to perfection when worn with a white shirt. Hand made **25/-** and **30/-.**

A wide selection of Cuff Link Sets, Link and Tie Retainer Sets from **6/6** to **50/-**, including Links in novelty Bowler Hat Stud box **16/6.**

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20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle
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For those who appreciate the noble qualities

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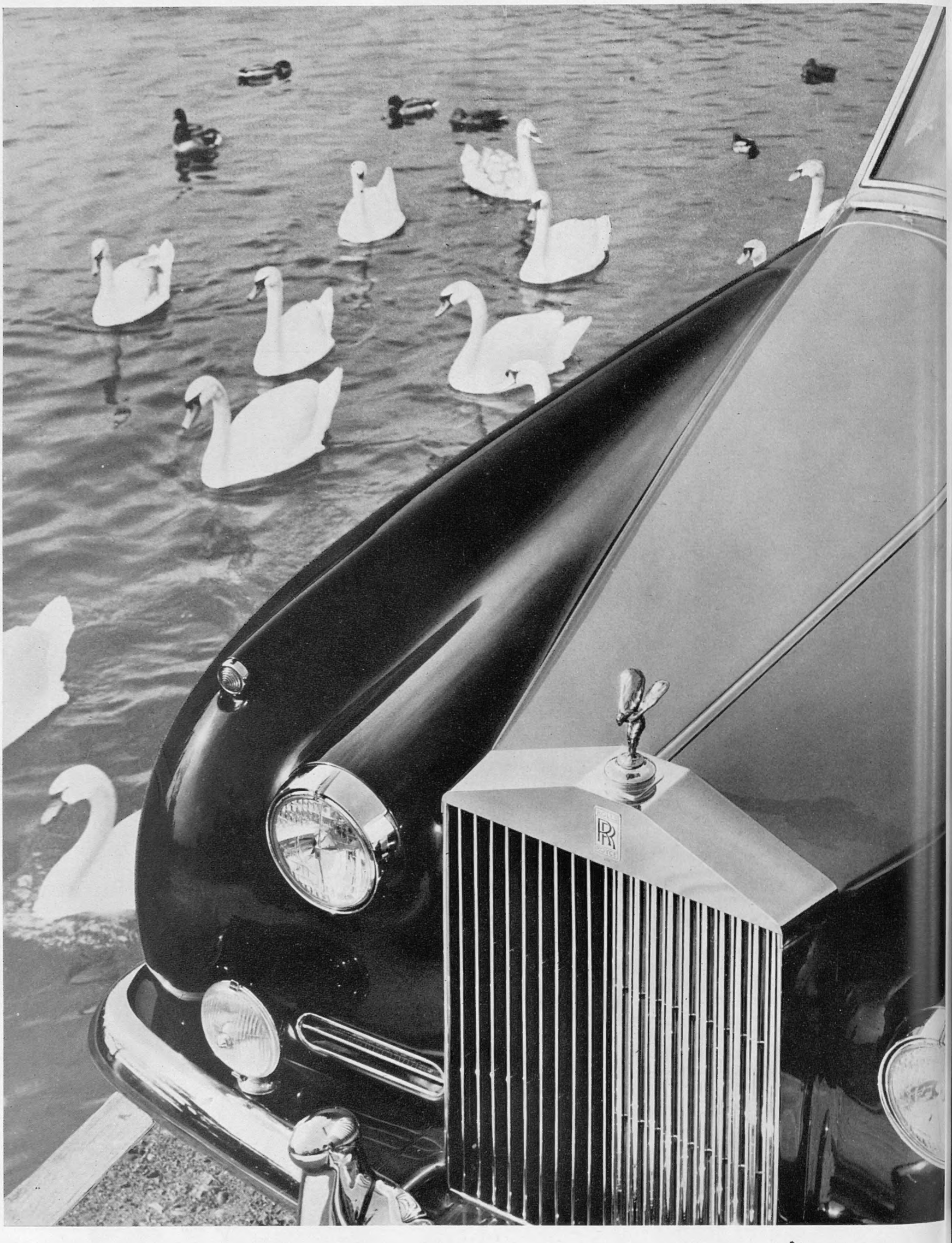

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Motor Car Manufacturers
Rolls-Royce Limited

Volume CCXXVII No. 2958

The SPHERE, London, December 8, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

GERMAN WARSHIPS AT PORTSMOUTH—THE FIRST VISIT SINCE BEFORE THE WAR : Two escort vessels of the German Federal Navy, the *Eider* (on left) and the *Trave*, lie moored in Portsmouth Harbour. The two vessels, which are engaged on a training cruise with a number of midshipmen on board, were paying a courtesy visit to this country. Both ships left for Kiel at the beginning of the week. On the extreme right can be seen the bows of the mine-laying cruiser H.M.S. *Apollo*.

Both the *Eider* and the *Trave* are former British trawler minesweepers of the "Isles" type. The vessels were given to the Federal Navy under a N.A.T.O. agreement for training officers and personnel of the new navy. Both were built in Canada and have a displacement of 480 tons or 750 tons with full load. Their overall length is 164 ft. Originally they were fitted with steam engines, but since the handing over to the Federal Navy the *Trave* has been converted to diesel propulsion with a top speed of approximately 12 knots. The *Eider* has still to be converted. The present defence programmes of the Federal Republic envisage a future navy of 170 ships and 20,000 men. Included in the number of vessels are eight destroyers of about 2,200 tons, armed with four 5-inch or 4-inch guns. The first of these ships, however, will not be completed before the end of 1960. In the meantime, the German Government is seeking the loan of United States destroyers and has asked the British Government to sell them an additional number of escort vessels and frigates of the same type as the *Eider* and *Trave* for training purposes and coastal patrol work.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

ROYAL MEMOIRS

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE IS THE GUEST OF HONOUR AT A FOYLES LITERARY LUNCHEON : The occasion was held to mark the publication last month of the Princess's memoirs, *My Memories of Six Reigns*. Princess Marie Louise, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was eighty-four last August.

SIR WINSTON PRESENTS A PRIZE

ALAN MOOREHEAD WINS THE FIRST DUFF COOPER MEMORIAL PRIZE : He is receiving the award from Sir Winston Churchill during a ceremony at the home of Sir Roderick Jones in London. Mr. Moorehead receives the £200 literary prize for his book, *Gallipoli*.

A WOMAN AT THE CONTROLS

MISS JACQUELINE COCHRANE FLIES A BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIRLINER FROM LONDON TO PARIS : She is at the controls of the plane during a test flight with a view to purchasing Britannias for operation by Northeast Airlines of the United States, of which she is a director. With her in the plane is a test pilot of the Bristol company. Miss Cochrane held several world records before the war. She was the only woman entrant in the London-Melbourne Air Race in 1934, and was also the first woman to fly in the Bendix Trans-Continental race of the same year. She was also the first woman to fly faster than sound.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Nasty Private School.—The Pilgrim Dinner orators, among others, must be feeling grave doubts about the efficacy of words and phrases. For years past they have repeated their post-prandial platitudes about the essential solidarity of the English-speaking nations, while rightly affirming that that solidarity in great matters is the chief hope for salvation of the free world. No doubt at all they are right, but fine phrases are apt to lull those who make them, and hear them, into complacency and a false sense of security. To-day those pilgrim orators on both sides of the Atlantic must be asking themselves what has been gained from their sodalian repasts and whether their bromides have cut any ice at all. They must be asking themselves exactly what is the worth to their countries and to the free world of the *sine qua non* of close and loyal co-operation. Each country has tried isolation in the course of its history and each found it reasonably profitable in its time. Time was when we were as reluctant to be involved in the bitter quarrels of Europe as were the Americans. The rise of one mighty European dictatorship after another forced first Britain and at last America to abandon isolationism and to involve themselves ever more closely with the quarrels of other nations. The frontiers of both countries were found to be extra-territorial—for very safety's sake—and, of the two, America was slower and more reluctant to accept the nasty truth. The World Wars came and we took the brunt while America hesitated. One after another came the efforts to create and organise some supra-national body to dispense with the hideous arbitrament of war, and always the latest most powerful dictatorship destroyed those efforts. Fear, suspicion and self-interest have always been present among the nations represented, to make these experiments of none effect. And in recent years the world could fairly be compared to the nastiest private school ever depicted in action. Discipline does not exist. The teaching staff is divided and jealous. The prefects are powerless to control the big bullies, the lower boys run riot. They never had such a time in their lives.

Eleventh-hour Repentance?—And if some prefect, with an old-fashioned notion of what a school should be, takes hasty and even heady action to correct an urchin, he is branded as a traitor to the school tradition, and finds a combination against him among all grades in the school. For a generation of time this international school has been bedevilled by the big bullies who know no restraining hand and by the urchins who have no fear of correction. In such a school civilisation sickens in a house of correction without bars, and if it is ever to be reformed the unrealistic theory that it is no use to make a start with the Lower Fourth until means can be found to control the big bullies must be reconsidered; and that will not be done until some of the once-accepted loyalties are revived, among them loyalty to one's friends. The urchins in the past few years have brought the world nearer to the crater-edge of final disaster than have the big boys. The big boys have more to lose, and that knowledge has kept them from going just too far. The generosity and high moral pronouncements of American statesmen have not altogether concealed their fear that New York would be a rich target for an enemy from the air. No doubt the Russians have a similar pride in and anxiety for Moscow. Both of them have thought that buffer States and wider frontiers are desirable and both have worked hard enough to secure them under the banners of their ideologies. Now these buffer States seem less solid and dependable. The Russians by their ruthless domination of their satellites are alienating their buffer States, and lately the Americans have done rather less than enough to keep cohesion among their advanced posts. If they want isolationism again, they are going the right way about it. If they don't, they must "rediscover" loyalty to their best friends.

The Greatest Hope of Salvation.—It is no use whistling for a wind of sanity to blow a spiritual reformation across the world in time for salvation. Britain might almost be forgiven for thinking that civilisation has perhaps reached its nadir and that if all must go to the tumbrils, it would be pleasant to go alone or with proved friends. But perhaps hope lies in the very depth of civilisation's degradation. The nations, East and West, it seems to me, are stirring from apathy to reflection, from reflection to positive action, and perhaps just before the stroke of doom the peoples who sit in darkness will see the great light of wisdom: that if there is no happiness and peace without freedom, there is certainly no freedom without discipline. I am as sure as ever I was that close fellowship between Britain and the U.S. is the greatest hope of salvation for the free world.

Milk Teeth.—Of all the puzzles I have wrestled with since the cease-fire, none has been more obscure than the United Nations' insistence that its token force can remain on Egyptian soil only by Egyptian consent and that its composition by nationalities is subject to Egyptian veto. I do not think there is a word in the Charter to give colour to either of these conditions, though, of course, the relevant paragraphs have never before required to be "looked up." The object of the U.N. teeth (which never grew) was to preserve the peace and implement the decisions of the U.N. majority. And the teeth were meant to be used to best advantage for successful enforcement of the majority will. To keep the peace, to reopen the Canal and to explore the means to a permanent settlement in that troubled area is now the whole duty of the U.N. with the aid of its force, and it is difficult to understand how these hedging conditions make the best use of the teeth it has so long needed. If the purity of Egyptian motives and actions long before and since the Suez crises was unquestioned, if the barbarity of her regimes had raised no condemnation, the policy of U.N. might appear as merely one more unrealistic compromise. As things are it looks like a great opportunity thrown away, America consenting. Those who sincerely condemn smash-and-grab as unworthy of our or the French or any Government are entitled to add that to smash everything and grab nothing increases the enormity. But they go too far when they applaud the stained-glass figure of Nasser as saint and martyr.

MILLAR WATT'S COVER DESIGN FOR "THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1956—THE IDEAL SMALL CHRISTMAS GIFT : For four shillings—little more than the cost of an expensive Christmas card—you can send this large number with contributions by leading artists and writers of to-day and yesterday, and with many pages of superb colour reproductions.

Copies of THE SPHERE *Christmas Number may be ordered now from your newsagent or at any bookstall, price* 4*s.; or from the Publishers, Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2, who will send an attractive greetings card giving your name as the donor. Postage extra—inland,* 6*d., overseas* 3½*d. Nearby places abroad can still be reached in time for Christmas.*

Mallalieu Ballyhoo?—Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu clearly adopts two slogans in journalistic prophecy: "Boldness, be my friend" and "Outside see most of the game." Writing in a Socialist review at the time of the Premier's journey to Jamaica, he said: "The signs are that this Government is irretrievably lost. . . . For the Government and the (Tory) party in *their* sickness there can be no sympathy or mercy. All they have done was not mere wrongheadedness but it now appears, in deliberate bad faith." In view of all this he suggested that Eden, as his last act as Prime Minister, will offer his resignation and invite the Queen to send for Mr. Gaitskell. The argument is that neither Mr. Butler nor any other leader will be able to hold the Conservative Party together. For technical reasons of supply, Parliament cannot be dissolved for some weeks yet. Probably, with guarantees of a General Election in January, Egypt having been completely evacuated, the Socialists will allow Butler to lead a Caretaker Government to pass essential measures before Christmas and then dissolve. Mr. Gaitskell, to avoid contamination, must not accept this caretaker task. Labour must go to the polls in January *uncontaminated*. Mr. Mallalieu, still in the hungry forties of omniscience, is an alumnus of my college, and certainly seems

have acquired there more self-confidence and general knowledge than I did. Yet I ask myself how the devil he knows. Some of these confident prophecies may enable him to find partial justification. But if the bulk of them prove to be mere Mallalieu ballyhoo, will his authority as a political prophet vanish in future articles? Not on your life! Public memory is wonderfully short and the business of a political journalist is to dish up a weekly, party-political sensation. All the same, this was a remarkable dish.

"In the Event of World War."—

Last week in *The Times* agony column my eye caught a sinister offer: "Large country house offered to well-conducted private school in event of world war." If the advertisement was not intended as pure cynicism, it seems to typify a remarkable attitude of mind towards a Third World War. It struck me in 1919 as peculiar that we returned so hopefully to reinstituting so many of the customs, habits of mind and luxurious conceptions of pre-war days. The drift back to Edwardianism seemed to me optimistic, if not misguided. In 1945 I found that, after a second and more violent social revolution wedded to war austerity, the Court and other authorities ordained that top-hats and tail-coats should still be ceremonial wear and that the bestowal of titles, honours, ribbons, and so forth should still occupy pages of the newspapers at regular intervals. These decisions seemed to me opposed to the majority attitude of mind and curiously at variance with official pronouncements (in public) about the true spirit of our new democracy in an era of enhanced austerity. It seemed to me (to put it trivially) that tails and toppers and such expensive fripperies no longer fitted our streamlined, austere and mechanical age, and that the time for creating new baronets and such absurdities was gone for good. But these things are still "done," as they were in the age of Edward VII. This attitude of mind is preserved at the highest levels. If this agony column advertisement was no fake, it is still a widely-held attitude of mind towards World War III and its aftermath which strikes me as old-fashioned and unrealistic. After that war is over, I doubt whether any private school, however "well-conducted" in wartime, will return to prosperity and its own premises and pre-war existence. The boys should study in wartime the quick way to rootle acorns.

Olympic Games.—

I am reminded by one or two medallions which have survived several house-moves that half a century ago, when more active than now, I sometimes turned out on the track to long-jump for Oxford. Nowadays they jump 4 ft. further than I did. And so I try to whip up my interest in the Olympic Games, so superbly staged and organised in Melbourne, but I cannot quite emulate Wolfe when he received a satisfactory answer to his question "Who run?" with "Then I die happy." It has sometimes been said that these Olympiads sever more ties of national friendship than they cement. No doubt there are racial jealousies, but there is more virtue in these Games to-day than ever before in a world given over to hate and rumour of war. It is fine to know that in this bitter phase of international hatred this innocent torch is kept alive and that in a world perforce obsessed with the nice accountancy of £ s. d., there are scores of young men and women of every race disciplining themselves in mind and body in the single purpose of winning a wreath of bay leaves. And always they break records. They run, jump and throw further than ever their grandfathers and fathers deemed possible. Whether they break the records of the ancient Greeks whom they follow and imitate we do not know. *Their* recorded times and distances are not available.

Press Council and Royal Family.—

The Press Council is satisfied that it has justified its purpose. In its three years of life it claims to have done much to improve the tone of the Press and the taste of the reading public. It is, I hope, an interim report. The Augean stables contain many stalls and loose-boxes, and the Council's arguments on the relations between the Royal Family and the Press leave some gaping points in the Council's armour. Press criticism of the Press Secretariat at Buckingham Palace is endorsed by the Council. The Secretariat neither understands nor supplies the news which the Press and its readers want. An improvement in the quality and supply of such information must be sought. True, "improvement" is still to be sought from both sides, and the Press must give up offering large sums of money to tempt Royal servants to sell their stories. But the Council makes no pronouncement on synchronising the desired improvements in Court-Press relations. Is the Secretariat to reform first to enable the Press to follow suit? The Royal Family is not the only target for impertinent intrusion. Those who come to equity should come with clean hands, and despite the Press Council's soap, some of the hands they inspect are still far from clean. One can understand, after the experience of the last decades, that the Court's Press Secretariat may be justifiably inclined to cautious buttoning-up. There is a strong case for *mutual* guarantees and perhaps the Press Council is a little too complacent.

THE OLD STAGER

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE LONDON MUSEUM

TOURING THE PAVLOVA COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION: The Queen is looking at the dress worn by Anna Pavlova in a performance of *Swan Lake*. It is one of the many exhibits in the London Museum which the Queen saw during her visit to Kensington Palace last week. She also toured the State Apartments of the Palace which have been refurnished with Queen Mary's furniture. The Pavlova Exhibition will remain open until December 31st.

"BRITAIN STANDS BY HUNGARY"—MASS MEETING IN LONDON

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT THE ALBERT HALL: Dr. Fisher was one of the principal speakers at the mass meeting which was organised by the European-Atlantic Group in aid of the Lord Mayor's fund for Hungarian relief. Other leading speakers were the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Godfrey, Sir Robert Boothby, M.P., Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., and Mr. Kenneth Younger, M.P. A young Hungarian, who fought in Budapest, also spoke, saying slowly in English: "I and my friends appreciate the welcome given to us in England. However, it is not we who are most in need. My friends at home continue the struggle by other means. They need more than relief. They need all your moral and political assistance. Please remember them and do your utmost for them."

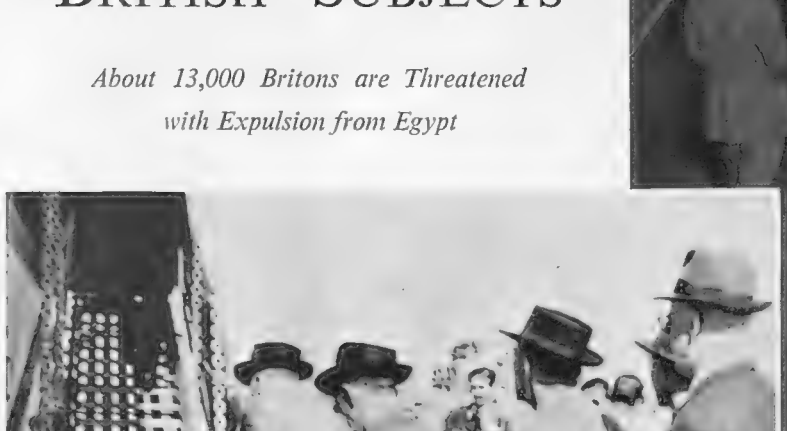
On left—

MEN AND WOMEN FROM BUDAPEST: They attended the meeting with black masks to conceal their identity. Leading them was a tall Hungarian carrying their flag.

BRITONS ARE EXPELLED FROM EGYPT: A crowd of people of British nationality stand on the steps of the British Embassy in Cairo, as they go to make arrangements for their departure from Egypt. About 13,000 British subjects had been told by Colonel Nasser's Government that they had ten days in which to leave the country. Only some 1,700 of them were British by birth. Most of the remainder were Maltese, numbering about 6,000, and Cypriots, of whom there were 4,000. Of these two groups, very few had any resources outside Egypt and were liable to suffer considerable hardship, as they were to be allowed to take only £20 out of the country. The property which they were forced to leave behind was sold at much below its real value. In the case of many residents of British blood, the customs formalities were extremely harsh. Their personal possessions were confiscated, and they were subjected to many indignities at the hands of officials. The Swiss Minister in Cairo described the expulsions as "A barbarous measure." The Swiss Government took over the protection of British interests in Cairo.

NASSER EXPELS BRITISH SUBJECTS

About 13,000 Britons are Threatened with Expulsion from Egypt



ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE: In the Embassy in Cairo, British subjects of varied origin wait to settle formalities. They include several elderly men and women. *On left*—Among 400 people who embarked on the liner *Achilleus* at Alexandria were four British officials of Barclays Bank D.C.O. They were Mr. R. Grant, Mr. C. Archibald, Mr. D. Price, and Mr. S. Hasleden.

HUNGARY REMAINS DEFIANT

Crowds Throng the Streets as the General Strike Continues to Paralyse the Country

BUDAPEST IN THE GRIP OF A GENERAL STRIKE: A Hungarian policeman directs what little traffic there is at the Museum Ring, in Budapest. *On left*—Crowds surround the food and clothing stalls of an open-air market in Rakoczi Street.

Only essential services are operating in Hungary at the present moment despite the appeals and threats that the puppet Government has continued to pour out each day. In the meantime the negotiations with the Central Workers' Council in the capital have reached total deadlock. Under Russian pressure Janos Kadar has refused the workers' demands either outright or with the excuse that the present situation does not allow of them being implemented. Possibly the puppet Government has merely consented to meet the workers' delegates in the hope that by gaining a little time it will have a chance to regain control of the factories by means of the pro-Government trades unions. Whatever the intention, its action has brought forth a warning from the Central Workers' Council that only anarchy can result from the rejection of its terms.

CLEARING THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL: Workmen make a start on the immense task of clearing the streets and repairing the gas, water and sewage systems badly damaged during the fighting. Despite every effort of the puppet Kadar Government, which has not hesitated to threaten the population, the strike continues and is admitted to be supported by over 60 per cent. of the country. The economic situation has been described by the Government newspaper as "catastrophic."

SIR WINSTON IS EIGHTY-TWO

Birthday Celebrations Include Two Family Parties

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY: Britain's elder statesman sits with his wife at their home in Hyde Park Gate for a special celebration picture. Sir Winston (who had recovered from a heavy cold) and Lady Churchill spent the first part of the day in London and gave a luncheon party at which the guests included their younger grandchildren. Later, they went to Chartwell for a dinner party which was attended by their older grandchildren. Among the messages of congratulation which poured into London from Britain and many parts of the world was one from the Queen. The birthday cake was surmounted by a replica of Sir Winston's budgerigar.

LONDON SEES THE "V" SIGN AGAIN: Sir Winston, with Lady Churchill at his side, gives his famous wartime sign as he leaves for Chartwell. He is wearing the coat given to him by Lady Churchill. *On right*—Winston Churchill (aged sixteen) and his sister Arabella (aged seven) arrive for lunch. They are the children of Randolph Churchill.

THE BATTLE OF ST. ANDREW'S DAY

Oppidans and Collegers Met for the 116th Time in Eton's Wall Game, which Resulted in a Draw

ROYALTY WATCHES THE WALL GAME: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with Prince William, were among the several hundred guests and spectators at Eton. A fairly dry day failed to produce the usual quantities of mud.

T TEAMS TAKE THE FIELD: In line abreast, Oppidans and Collegers march by. The Collegers, the lighter team, did not succeed in repeating their victory of last year.

THE 116TH ETON WALL GAME ENDS IN A DRAW: As the "bully" or scrum battles in close combat beneath the Wall, a large crowd of spectators, mostly boys, looks on. Others watch from the vantage-point of the Wall itself. The top-hatted figures are Mr. C. A. Elliott, the Provost of Eton, and Mr. R. Birley, the Headmaster.

In the 116th Wall Game at Eton between the Collegers and the Oppidans, the Collegers strove to repeat their victory of last year, but were frustrated. The game was drawn without a score, as has been the case more often than not since this odd form of celebrating St. Andrew's Day was instituted at Eton. The most obvious characteristic of this year's Game was its immobility. The Oppidans' initial assault in the first half was repulsed, in spite of their advantage in weight, and the Game was thenceforth largely static. The "bully," or scrum, hardly moved at all. The Collegers generally held their ground, never allowing their opponents to secure the ball and break through. Some Collegers broke with tradition by wearing dungarees.

A STATIC CONFLICT: The opposing teams strain and heave in attempts to force each other into Calx, the sections into which the Wall is divided, in order to score a shy. *On right*—Collegers and Oppidans appear to be trying to dismember one another as they struggle beneath the Wall. This bird's-eye view of the Game was obtained from the top of the Wall, from where many spectators watched. The "bully" was usually almost immobile, for both teams held their ground.

EGYPTIAN CIVILIANS LEAVE THE ALLIED LINES IN THE CANAL ZONE : Women and children who had their homes in Port Said and other places in the sector of the Canal Zone occupied by British and French forces squat on the gaily-painted decks of a felucca which will evacuate them to the Egyptian lines. The Allied authorities are reported to have given permission in some cases for a number of Egyptian civilians to leave the Canal Zone and join their families or friends in other parts of Egypt. General Stockwell announced that genuine applicants would be given every opportunity to depart. The merits of individual cases were to be left to the discretion of local commanders. After obtaining permission to leave, some civilians were taken by lorry to El Abuti, on the edge of Lake Manzala, west of the Canal. They then crossed the Lake in feluccas to Matariya, on the western shore, from where they travelled to Damietta, Tanta, Alexandria, Cairo, and other points. By the end of last week, about 500 families had applied to the British-controlled civil administration for permission to move to Egyptian-held territory.

A FAMILY MAKES READY TO DEPART : Three small boys, their mother and a baby wait at El Abuti to be evacuated. They appear to be well-dressed, middle-class people. British troops stand in the background.

FLEEING A TROUBLE-SPOT

Some Egyptian Families Abandon their Homes in the Suez Canal Zone

THE "EVACUEES" EMBARK : Egyptian civilians walk across a floating gangway on to a felucca, which will take them across Lake Manzala to Matariya, where they will disperse to seek the homes of friends and relations. The great expanse of Lake Manzala can be seen in the background.

THE LOADED VESSELS LEAVE : Two feluccas are pushed away from the shore by men standing in their bows and wielding long poles. Carts which had been used for carrying the families' belongings lie turned-over and abandoned by the water's edge.

SEARCHING FOR CONTRABAND : British troops check the belongings of a family before they leave for Egyptian-held territory. Their possessions are carried in a variety of suitcases and a large basket, and might contain arms.

ISRAELI CONTROL IN GAZA

A New Town Council and Relief for Arab Refugees

Since they captured Gaza from the Egyptians, the Israelis have energetically set about reorganising the civil administration of the town and dealing with the multitude of Arab refugees in the strip. At the end of last month the Israeli Military Governor, Lieut.-Colonel Chaim Gaon, announced the appointment of a new Mayor and a Town Council of six members.

A number of local notables gathered in a basket-ball court for the inaugural meeting of the Council. Colonel Gaon addressed the assembly, and said he was happy that conditions in the Gaza Strip had already become normal to such an extent that local government could operate again.

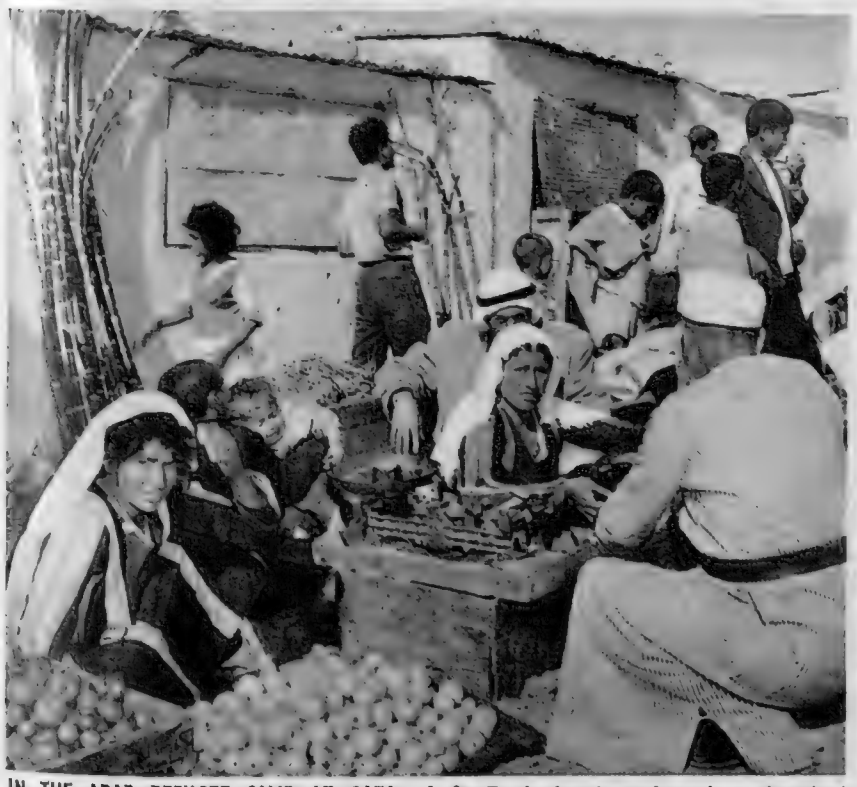
Later he gave details of what is being done for children and refugees in the district. He hoped that schools would soon be reopened, but first the screening of 1,200 teachers must be completed. It was suspected that many of them had belonged to Egyptian Commandos or the Moslem brotherhood.

Regarding the refugees, the Military Governor stated that the United Nations had already resumed looking after them. The Israeli authorities were issuing flour to the families of unemployed.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ISRAELI-APPOINTED COUNCIL OF GAZA : Israeli flags fly round the table in the basket-ball court where the new Deputy Mayor is addressing his fellow-members at the inaugural Council meeting. Seated on his right are the Israeli Military Governor of the Gaza Strip and the new Mayor of Gaza appointed recently by the Israelis.

On left—
MILITARY AND CIVIL OFFICIALS : Lieut.-Colonel Chaim Gaon, the Military Governor of the Gaza Strip, talks with the new Mayor, Rushdi Shawa, who held this office formerly for fifteen years until 1951.

WITH ANXIOUS ATTENTION : Notabilities of Gaza listen anxiously to the speech made by Lieut.-Colonel Chaim Gaon to the new Town Council. The Israeli Military Governor said that conditions in the strip were rapidly returning to normal.



IN THE ARAB REFUGEE CAMP AT GAZA : *Left*—Trade in the refugees' market is based on barter, a common currency being cigarettes. *Right*—Veiled Arab women, some carrying babies, others with baskets on their heads, walk on a rough road in the camp, which has been placed under military control by the Israelis. It is estimated that the camp has about 35,000 refugees, and it is reported that the United Nations Relief and Works Agency had begun to look after them again.

ON THE PEAKS OF MOUNT SINAI: Gebel Catherina, usually identified as the famous mountain of the Old Testament, lies in the south of the Sinai Peninsula and consists of two peaks. One of these, in the foreground, is Gebel Musa, or the Mountain of Moses, where the Prophet is believed to have received the Law. On its summit are shrines, dedicated to Moses and the Virgin Mary. There is also a meteorological station. Directly behind Gebel Musa is Mount Horeb, with a hermitage on its peak

THE END OF A MENACE TO ISRAELI SHIPPING: A group of newspapermen stands by an Egyptian gun which has been put out of action by the Israelis at Ras Nasrani, on the Gulf of Akaba. Egyptian artillery in positions of this kind on the shores of Sinai and the island of Tiran had prevented the access of shipping to the Israeli port of Elath, at the head of the gulf.

OVER SINAI

The Summit of the Famous Mountain; Captured Arms and Oil in the Peninsula

The pictures on these pages might be called "Contrast in Sinai," for they are reminders of the Peninsula's importance to-day and in the dim twilight of the dawn of yesterday. The two aerial views of the Mount, nowadays known as Gebel Catherina, recall the scene dramatically described by the compilers of the Book of Exodus:

> "In the third month, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. . . . And Moses went up unto God."

Thus occurred the revelation of the Ten Commandments, and there can hardly be a soul in Western civilisation who is not still deeply affected by their content. The identity of Mount Sinai has never been agreed by scholars. But there is considerable measure of support for the opinion that its site was Gebel Catherina, the twin peaks of Musa and Horeb, in the south of Sinai. Shrines and a hermitage mark the summits and few can look down into the valleys below without visualising the great Exodus passing thousands of years ago through the little-changed wilderness.

The Israel of to-day has returned to Sinai, and is master of the area. In what will become known to history as the Sinai *blitzkrieg*, the Israelis routed the Egyptians in a matter of days. Much booty fell into their hands, including quantities of Egyptian arms, and emplacements for guns which had menaced the passage of shipping up the Gulf of Akaba to the Israeli port of Elath. Also, the Israelis have taken possession of much of Egypt's natural oil.

It is nearly fifty years ago since petroleum in commercial quantities was first discovered on both sides of the Gulf of Suez. In 1954 crude oil production from the wells totalled about 200,000 metric tons. Now Israeli troops are in control of some of the major oilfields, such as those at El Sudr and Asl, on the shores of Sinai.

THE SACRED LAND OF THE OLD TESTAMENT : The white building in the foreground crowns Mount Horeb and is a hermitage for Orthodox Monks. Through the valleys of this wild and rugged country—the peaks of Sinai rise to over 8,500 ft.—the Jews are said to have journeyed in their Exodus under Moses from Egypt to Canaan. To-day, as a result of the recent fighting between the Israelis and the Egyptians, the whole of the Sinai Peninsula is occupied by Israel. The United Nations has several times passed resolutions by large majorities calling on Israel to withdraw.

On left—

AN OILFIELD ON THE RED SEA SHORE : Ras El Sudr is a small oil town on the coast of the Sinai Peninsula. It is now in possession of the Israelis and was one of the places visited by Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, on his tour of Sinai last month. Egypt hitherto has had oilfields on both sides of the Gulf of Suez, at the head of the Red Sea. But as a result of the recent Israeli victories, Egypt has lost at least half of her oil wells—those situated on the Sinai coast of the Gulf.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS IN PARIS

The Season in the French Capital is Marked by Public Rather than by Private Festivities

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

PARIS, December.

CHRISTMAS in Paris is unlike any other festival in the world. It is not a home celebration, as in Britain. It is a public feast, or rather drama, in which all the city participates, from the actors in the medieval Mystery play, in the square in front of Notre Dame, to the President of the Republic receiving a delegation of schoolchildren in the palace of the Elysée; from the weather-reddened stall-keepers of the Christmas Fair on the boulevards to the priests, choristers and assistants at the midnight Mass celebrated in a hundred Paris churches, warmed for the occasion and redolent with incense; from the cooks and restaurateurs responsible for the annual Réveillon, or Christmas Eve supper, which begins after the midnight Mass and lasts well into Christmas Day, to the children eyeing expectantly the family Christmas tree (a fairly recent innovation) and impatiently awaiting the return of festive-making parents for the distribution of presents.

If the weather is seasonable, and the long avenues of Paris and the quays of the Seine, the Champs Elysées and the Louvre are covered with snow, a Paris bereft by the petrol shortage of its usual clutter of cars will present a magic spectacle of coloured illuminations, gay shop windows and grey medieval buildings against a white background.

Preparations for the festival have already begun in the Opera quarter. Troops of children are being escorted by their parents to performances of the gay little French film *Le Ballon Rouge* which made a hit at Venice, and over their heads hang the brilliantly lit and coloured festoons suspended from one big department store to another, while the shop windows illustrate scenes from fairy tales and *Alice in Wonderland*.

Every year the big stores devote more and more attention and ingenuity to their Christmas displays. In one big shop as many as forty artists of both sexes, most of them ex-students of the Beaux Arts, are engaged all the year round in planning and executing designs for the elaborate Christmas decorations. The admirable spectacle created by the joint efforts of the Galeries Lafayette, the Printemps and other famous stores does not go entirely unrewarded. The sale of children's toys and ski attire at Christmas represents between 15 and 20 per cent. of the total annual turnover.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING CROWDS ADMIRE PARISIAN SHOPS: Department stores in Paris take a great pride in their colourful and imaginative Christmas window displays. On Sundays, the crowds admiring the illuminations are larger than usual, for the petrol shortage has dealt a blow to the Sunday drive into the country popular among French families. The midnight Masses and Réveillon suppers add to the attractions of Paris at Christmas.

Burly, genial and eloquent Moro-Giafféri died last month. He was the most notable French criminal lawyer of this century and will be chiefly remembered for his defence of Landru, the modern Bluebeard, and of the Bulgarian Georgi Dimitrov at the Reichstag fire trial. During the Berlin trial Moro-Giafféri created a sensation by solemnly pointing a finger at the stout, bemedalled and arrogant figure of Goering, who had successfully bullied judges and witnesses, but neither Dimitrov nor his counsel, and saying sternly: "It was you, Goering!"

Moro-Giafféri was not successful in saving Landru from the guillotine, although he told me years afterwards that he had never believed him guilty. In a last-minute effort to suggest a reason for the disappearance of the women in the case (no bodies were ever found, and the bones discovered in the stove of Landru's villa were never proved to be human) Moro-Giafféri hinted that his client may have been engaged in the white slave traffic between France and South America. Landru rose indignantly in court and heatedly repudiated the suggestion, although he knew that his fate was sealed.

Landru was a very strange figure, seductive and repulsive by turns, with a sardonic sense of humour which at times convulsed the audience of social and theatrical celebrities, among them Mistinguet, that filled the Versailles assize court. The British artist Sir William Orpen sat through the trial, and one of his drawings of Landru was afterwards sold to the singer John McCormack.

Since the war the Shakespearian public has grown enormously in France, and the three admirable films of Sir Laurence Olivier, *Henry the Fifth*, *Hamlet* and now *Richard the Third*, have contributed to the vogue of the Bard. The late great actor and *metteur-en-scène* Charles Dullin had created, between the two wars, a memorable stage portrait of Richard. He was, by his own physical deformity, congenitally as well as mentally adapted to the part, and he invested it with a doubly tragic intensity, Shakespeare's and his own.

The latest creation of Sir Laurence Olivier has provoked the French critics to well-justified enthusiasm. "Prodigious," "inimitable" and "marvellous" are some of the adjectives used not only about Olivier the actor, but also about Olivier the director. The critic of the *Figaro* does not forget the author. He hails Shakespeare as the "veritable ancestor" of all scenario-writers. *Richard the Third* is a welcome and timely retort to a French writer who declared during the Venice Film Festival that British film production, which had been so much admired in France during the heyday of Ealing Films, was now dead.

The strangest and grimmest play in Paris, to which I have made previous allusion, is *Pauvre Bitos* at the Théâtre Montparnasse. The author is the talented, versatile but often bizarre Jean Anouilh, who wrote the lovely play *Antigone* and the equally moving *L'Alouette*. I have now seen the play, and can understand its queer, morbid attraction for audiences who have still vivid memories of the war, the Occupation and the brief, violent scenes at the Liberation. Bitos is a lawyer of humble origins who had become a brilliant and pitiless prosecutor of collaborators after the war. He is invited by an ironic friend to attend a "*diner de têtes*," at which all the guests will be disguised as historic personages of the Bourbon monarchy or the Revolution, and he will incarnate Robespierre.

The analogy between the Revolutionary Terror and the purges of the Liberation is drawn mercilessly by the author, and his Bitos is a savage caricature, or alternatively a too-lifelike portrait. The dinner, held appropriately in an old Paris cellar which was the meeting-place of a revolutionary tribunal under the Terror, is attended by contemporaries and ex-associates of Bitos, some of whose friends or relatives were victims of his prosecuting zeal. The dinner ends with a feigned attempt to execute Bitos, in imitation of the assassination of Robespierre.

The second act shows scenes from the life of Robespierre, his betrayal of Danton and Camille Desmoulins as seen through the eyes of Bitos. In the third and last act there is a scene of self-revelation in which the usually sober and austere prosecutor is induced to over-indulgence in whisky and talks unwisely in his cups.

This debunking of a Robespierre of the twentieth century has been bitterly attacked by some critics, warmly praised by others. Personally, I found the play confusing and its intentions uncertain, although the dialogue of Jean Anouilh is as mordant and impressive as ever. In English-speaking countries, with no disturbing memories of the French occupation and its consequences, I doubt if it will have the continuous success of *L'Alouette*.

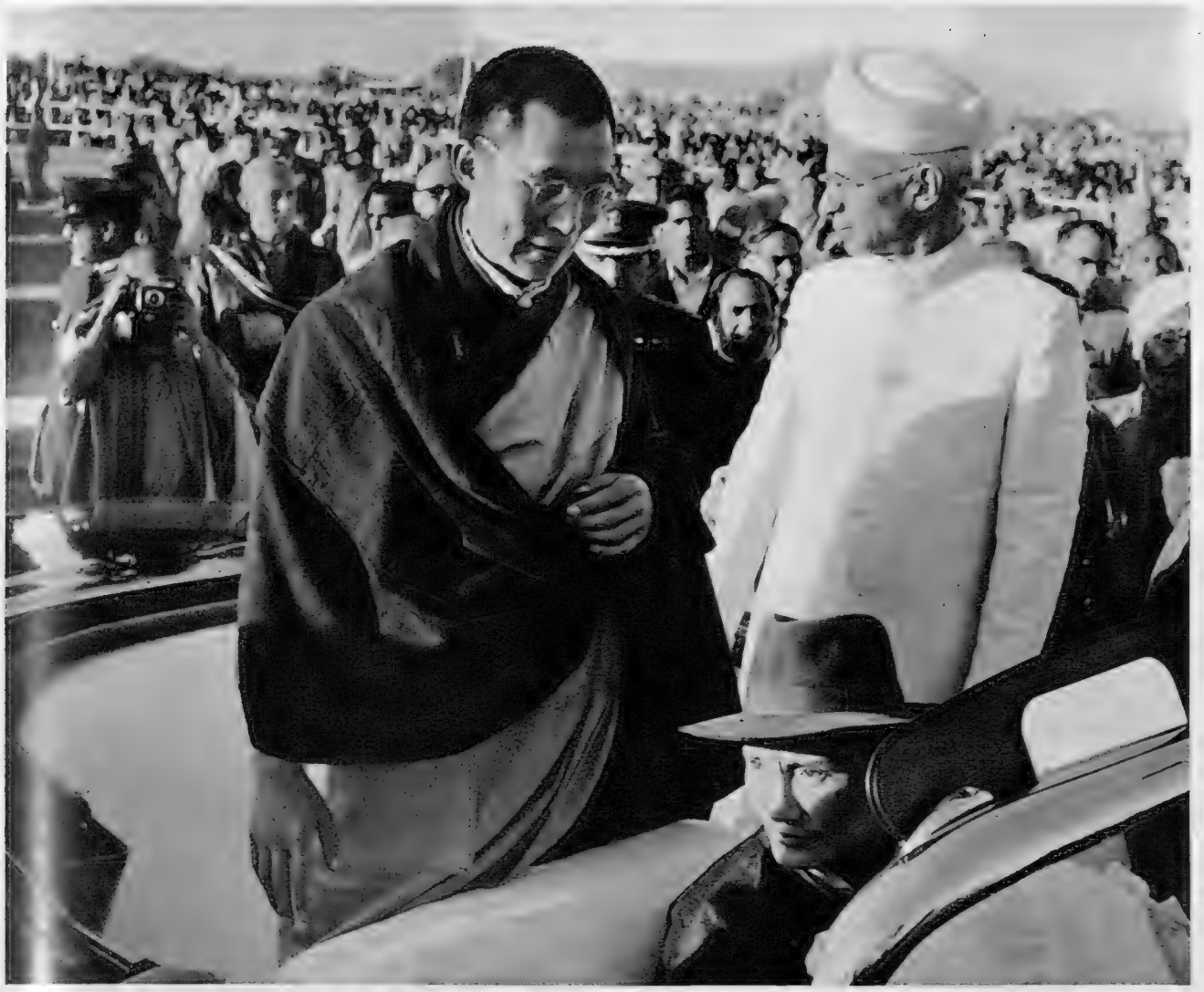
The comic figure of the painter Salvador Dali, half-genius, half-clown, with his extraordinary mustachios and his flair for publicity, has been seen in Paris, staring at the surviving windmill on the hillside of Montmartre, and riding a leanshanked horse up the rue Lepic. Dali is illustrating the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, with himself as the central figure.

A RARE SIGHT ON THE BOULEVARDS: As a result of the petrol shortage, the Champs Elysées is almost deserted of traffic. Most of the few vehicles in sight are taxis. After many days of diminishing supplies and dry pumps, the French Government last week announced that it had decided to begin a petrol rationing scheme.

BUDDHISTS GATHER IN DELHI

Asian Leaders Celebrate the 2,500th Anniversary of Buddha

Asian religious and political leaders gathered in New Delhi recently to take part in celebrations commemorating the 2,500th anniversary of the birth of Buddha. Political as well as religious significance was attached to the arrival of the Dalai Lama, the spiritual and nominally the political ruler of Tibet, of the Panchen Lama, who is second in importance to the Dalai Lama, and of the Maharaja of Sikkim. Since the Chinese conquest of Tibet five years ago, relations between India and Tibet have been interrupted from time to time. This visit might mark a renewal of permanent friendly relations. Within the next year or so, the first road connection between India and Tibet, running through Sikkim, will be completed, allowing a far greater volume of traffic to flow between the two countries than ever before. A second road is being built. The Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama have strong political links with China, and their visit is thought to contribute also towards good relations between India and China. The first few days of the Dalai Lama's five-week stay coincided with the visit to India of Mr. Chou En-Lai, Prime Minister of China. While in Delhi, the Tibetan leader attended a symposium on "The contribution of Buddhism to Art, Letters and Philosophy." He later toured centres of importance in the Buddhist faith.



THE RULER OF TIBET ARRIVES IN DELHI : The Dalai Lama, spiritual ruler of Tibet, stands in an open car beside the Indian Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, as he is driven from the airport. The Dalai Lama, the Panchen Lama and the Maharaja of Sikkim were among several Buddhist rulers attending celebrations of the 2,500th anniversary of the birth of Buddha.

BUDDHIST LEADERS MEET : The Panchen Lama, second in authority in Tibet to the Dalai Lama, holds a bouquet as he and his party are welcomed at the airport by Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister. U Nu, the former Burmese Prime Minister, also took part in the Buddha anniversary celebrations in Delhi.

On right—

TIBETAN WOMEN WAIT TO WELCOME THEIR RULER: The Dalai Lama is spending five weeks touring Indian shrines. In the first week of his visit he attended a symposium in Delhi on "The contribution of Buddhism to Art, Letters and Philosophy."

BURMA'S REPRESENTATIVE ADDRESSES THE GATHERING : U Nu, the former Prime Minister of Burma, speaks from a rostrum in the Ramlila grounds in New Delhi. Seated on his right is Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President of India.

OIL REACHES BRITAIN VIA THE CAPE : The *Athina Livanos*, the first oil tanker to arrive since the Suez Canal was blocked, is moored to a pier off the Isle of Grain, in the Medway. She left Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, at the end of October, and came to Britain via the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage took about thirty days instead of the usual twenty-odd, for the Cape route is about 4,500 miles longer than the Suez route. The *Athina Livanos* is a Liberian ship of 18,784 tons, under charter to the British Petroleum Tanker Company. She is fast, being capable of about 16 knots. Her cargo of crude oil was discharged at the B.P. Company's refinery on the Isle of Grain. Sixteen tankers belonging to various companies were to arrive in Britain from oilfields on the Persian Gulf by last Sunday, all having come round the Cape.

OIL FOR BRITAIN

The Arrival of the First Tanker from the Middle East Since the Canal was Blocked

WAITING FOR A PRECIOUS CARGO : Workmen wait on a jetty-head beside the big pipes used for unloading oil while the *Athina Livanos* (in background) prepares to berth. Three more of the British Petroleum Company's tankers were due last week-end, two from Kuwait and one from Qatar.

THE OIL IS UNLOADED : An engineer opens a valve allowing oil to flow from the tanker to the shore. *On right*—Workmen fix in position a pipe used for unloading oil. A fire-tower stands on the jetty-head in the background.

A WINTER EVENING IN THE PIAZZETTA DI SAN MARCO: A handful of Venetians take an evening stroll in the Piazzetta adjoining the square where, in the summer, huge crowds throng the cafés and paved walks. On the extreme left is a wing of the Basilica of Saint Mark with the Doges' Palace continuing down to the canal. At the end of the Piazzetta are two monolithic columns from the Levant erected at the end of the twelfth century. In the distance is the Island of Saint George.

VENICE IN WINTER

With the End of the Tourist Season the City Returns to its Inhabitants

In the heart of a lagoon, two-and-a-half miles from the Italian mainland and a mile from the Adriatic, lies the city of Venice, one of the most densely-populated in the world. Putting aside the thousands of tourists who, in the summer, are often numerous enough to rival the number of inhabitants, over 300,000 Venetians live in the six square miles of islands and canals forming the city. It is to them that Venice really belongs, but it is only during the winter months that they can claim their inheritance. Then the phalanxes of tourists have departed with the first fogs and rains and the piazzas, terraces and canals are left to the Venetians.

But the Venice of its own inhabitants is not so much that of the Piazza di San Marco, the Basilica or the Rialto Bridge as the hidden heart of the city where the little hump-backed bridges, the sudden corners, the narrow alleys and tall houses have their own charm and atmosphere, all the more so through being lived in. One still comes across the splendid architecture of a palace at almost every corner, but more often than not it is hidden by the long strings of laundry hanging from the windows of the adjoining houses. Everywhere there is the smell of freshly-baked bread that the Venetian makes in so many different forms—*panettino*, *bovolo*, *pane con olio*, *pane con uva*, *manotonane all'olio*, *grissini* and *ciambelle*. Mingled with these smells are those of the equally numerous fish dishes which are among the specialities of the city.

EARLY MORNING IN VENICE: Huddled in his cloak, a priest crosses the mist-covered Piazza di San Marco on his way to say an early Mass in the Basilica. From the autumn until early spring the city is left to its inhabitants and the wide squares and terraces are empty with the departure of the crowds of tourists. Even during these winter months Venice remains one of the most densely-populated cities in the world. Within an area of six square miles live some 300,000 people.

At the street corners, in the hidden angles of the piazzas and in the stonework of the bridges are countless shrines to the Madonna, each with its candles and flowers, evidence of the faith of a devout people. The images are in almost every conceivable medium and executed with widely different degrees of artistic interpretation. There are "Virgins of the Graces leaning over the Holy Child, praying Virgins, suppliant Virgins of primitive tradition, Madonnas of the Sorrows, protecting Madonnas opening the folds of their robes to shelter those who pray." They are found everywhere, even in the most unlikely places from the darkest and most neglected porch to the busy shops and markets where a painting of the Virgin and Child will be found looking down on red quarters of meat or on piles of *scampi* and pyramids of *calamaretti*.

Inevitably, as the traveller wanders through these busy streets, the noisy markets, with their ice-cream, vegetable and book stalls and the countless open-air restaurants and cafés, he will suddenly find himself again in the Venice of the guide-books. Another corner exactly similar to the many others already passed will lead not to another alley or bridge but to a vast piazza or a soaring palace, a reminder that Venice was once one of the richest and most powerful merchant cities in the world. In the winter the piazzas and the restaurants that to-day line the side

(*Continued on following pages*)

CONVERSATION IN A HAUNT OF SUMMER TOURISTS : Three young mothers stop for a moment's conversation in the Plazza di San Marco. In the background is the Basilica, and beside it on the right the square brick tower forming the lower structure of the Campanile. Although the tourists have deserted the square, the pigeons remain. This time of the year is welcomed by the Venetians, for prices in the shops and the boat fares, high throughout the summer, drop considerably during the winter months.

VENICE IN WINTER

(*Continued from previous page*)

colonnades are empty except for a handful of citizens eating or taking an *apéritif* with no eyes for the familiar grandeur amid which they have probably passed all their lives. The slight hum of conversation is barely noticeable in the silence that reigns over the city. There is no roar of traffic in Venice, no sound of horns or bicycle bells ; only the incessant wash of the canals against the houses as a barge or gondola passes by.

In the winter one facet of the city is more easily noticed than in spring or summer. Stone and brick are predominant except in three places. Apart from the Papadopoli Gardens near the station in the west, the gardens of the Biennale, looking across to the Lido, and the tiny Giardinetti sleeping among its trees behind the Procuratie Nuove on the Grand Canal, there is no large site of vegetation. In the summer this is not so noticeable, for every balcony and window is hung with geraniums, day lilies and oleanders, the arches are hung with wistaria and pomegranate trees flower in the minute gardens. With the coming of late autumn and the rains, the predominance of stone is felt at once and the immense contrast of this fantastically sculpted city rising from the water is doubly apparent.

THE CITY PREPARES FOR WINTER : A coal barge is moored alongside a flight of steps leading up from the cana as fuel deliveries are made to the surrounding houses. For the few visitors and foreigners who remain in Venice during the winter the fog and rain and the emptiness of the squares and terraces give the city a new beauty and charm unknown to any except the Venetians themselves. These alleys and bridges in the heart of the city are seldom tourist attractions.

WAITER AND CAT : One of the Venetian specialities is fish soup, which can be found in many varieties on every menu.

A PAINTER IN THE CITY : Professor Giuseppe Cherubini, who is eighty-eight years old, works on a painting of the Piazzetta dei Leoni. During the summer months he never leaves his home, for he has little sympathy with the Venice of the tourists and does not recognise it as showing the true spirit of his city. As soon as the summer season has ended he begins once more to seek out the architectural glories and hidden beauties of his city and to put them on canvas.

HOP FOR TH NIGHT : Two local dealers move their stock of silk under a plastic cover from one of their outdoor stalls. The open kets in the squares and side streets vanish with the coming of evening.

On right—
THE CAMPANILE FROM ACROSS THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO : The fine bell tower of the Basilica is framed in the curve of one of the arches of the Procuratie Vecchie on the other side of the square. The Procuratie Vecchie was reconstructed in 1517 and 1538.

RAND CANAL IN LATE AUTUMN : Gone are the summer crowds, and the ferry-boats plying up and down the canals are used by the Venetians themselves. The prices have down accordingly now that the tourists have left the city for the winter months. Even the law takes a less stern view, and the inhabitants are allowed to hang out laundry on lines across the narrow alleyways and passages leading off the canals and squares. In the summer this convenient custom is prohibited by the magistrates.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY

A Series of Nature Studies from Both Sides of the Atlantic

With one exception, all the photographs reproduced on this page are among the selection of studies on view at the Autumn Nature Exhibition which is being held by the Royal Photographic Society at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7. The exhibition, which will be open until December 20, demonstrates the great advances which have been made in nature photography with the advent of finer equipment. The use of the synchronised flashlight is probably the most important innovation in this respect. In conjunction with the development of faster films and more rapid shutter mechanism and lenses, its use has enabled nature photographers to overcome many of the difficulties inherent in this field.

THE GREATER HORSESHOE BAT IN FLIGHT : This study by S. C. Bisserôt, A.R.P.S., is taken from the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Exhibition. Studies of all twelve types of British bat, photographed for the first time by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., appeared in *The Sphere* on November 10.

EXHIBIT 74—"SALMON" : This study by Ronald Thompson, F.R.P.S., is included in the present exhibition in Princes Gate. Besides Monochrome prints and transparencies the exhibition also includes Colour prints and Stereoscopic photography.

AN AMERICAN NATURE STUDY : A young robin opens its beak to receive a hand-fed caterpillar. Taken by Phillip Butler, staff photographer on the *Scranton Times* of Pennsylvania, this picture was awarded first prize in the features class of this year's Pennsylvania Associated Press "Newsphoto" contest.

"AVOCET," BY C. C. DONCASTER : A member's exhibit in the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition, this picture of an avocet, or river bird, is No. 122 among the Monochrome prints. Exhibition Medals in this section were awarded to Mr. B. Garth, F.R.P.S., and Mr. H. A. Hems, F.R.P.S.

"SAND MARTINS" : This study by W. E. Higham, F.R.P.S., is among the Monochrome prints at the Exhibition in Princes Gate. It is one of three exhibits by the same photographer.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTER—AND THE MAN WHO FIRST FLEW IT: Mr. Tony LeVier and the first Lockheed Starfighter to be built, the XF-104, at Edwards Air Force Base, California. Mr. LeVier, who is forty-three, a comparatively advanced age for a high-speed test pilot, is director of flying at Lockheed's California Division. This head-on view emphasizes the Starfighter's small frontal area, which helps it to attain very high speeds. Tip to tip, the wings measure only 21 ft. 11 ins. Their downward slant, called negative dihedral, affords good stability at all speeds—and especially those faster than sound. The wing-edges are knife-sharp and have extra fuel tanks mounted on the tips. The entire aircraft is nearly 55 ft. long. The prototype XF-104, shown in the picture, differs from the production versions in having a Curtiss-Wright J-65 turbojet, a British engine built under licence. Production F-104s are powered by the General Electric J-79 and speeds of 1,300 m.p.h. are claimed for both the F-104A day fighter, and the two-seater night-fighter version, the F-104B. Both these types are in production at Lockheed's Californian plants. Photographs of production aircraft have had the jet intakes blotted out for security reasons.

On left—

HIGH-ALTITUDE PRESSURE SUITS UNDER TEST: Mr. Mel D. Ross (left) and Lieut.-Commander Lee Lewis, U.S.N., in a low-pressure chamber at General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis. Both have an extensive experience in upper-air research projects.

AIRCRAFT AND AIRMEN

News from the U.S., Germany and Britain

GERMANY'S FIRST POST-WAR DIRIGIBLE: The *Leda* is shown ready to take off from Echteringen Airport, Stuttgart, after a recent naming ceremony. The blimp is 190 ft. long and 56 ft. high and powered by an 175-h.p. American motor. The envelope is filled with hydrogen—helium being unavailable in Germany. *Leda* will be used for advertising purposes, when flying at low altitudes.

ONE OF B.E.A.'S NEW TYPE 802 VISCOUNTS: Visitors are seen inspecting the aircraft at Vickers' airfield at Brooklands, Surrey, after Lady Douglas of Kirtleside last week named the first of twenty-four Type 802s for the Corporation. These aircraft are "stretched" versions of those currently in service and will normally carry fifty-six passengers on routes up to a maximum of 950 miles.

FOX-HUNTING IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: The field waits for a draw after the meet of the Old Berkeley Hunt at Halfway Farm, near Chesham. The members hunt about 200 square miles in the two counties of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, where the country is mostly pasture, with some plough and woodland.

AT THE MEET

Early Days of the Hunting Season in Three Counties

IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S "BEST-KEPT VILLAGE" OF 1956: Spectators gather to watch the meet of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) in Eastleach, which was awarded the Bledisloe Cup for the best-kept village in the county this year. *On left*—The terrier man, Mr. Willy Trotman, arrives at the meet on his moped. He carries the terrier in the box fixed to the machine.

A MEET ON THE VILLAGE GREEN: The hounds and followers gather by the village pump shelter at Farmington, Gloucestershire, for the meet of the Heythrop Hunt. In view of the petrol shortage, the time of the meet was changed to allow the followers to travel to Farmington by horse instead of by car.

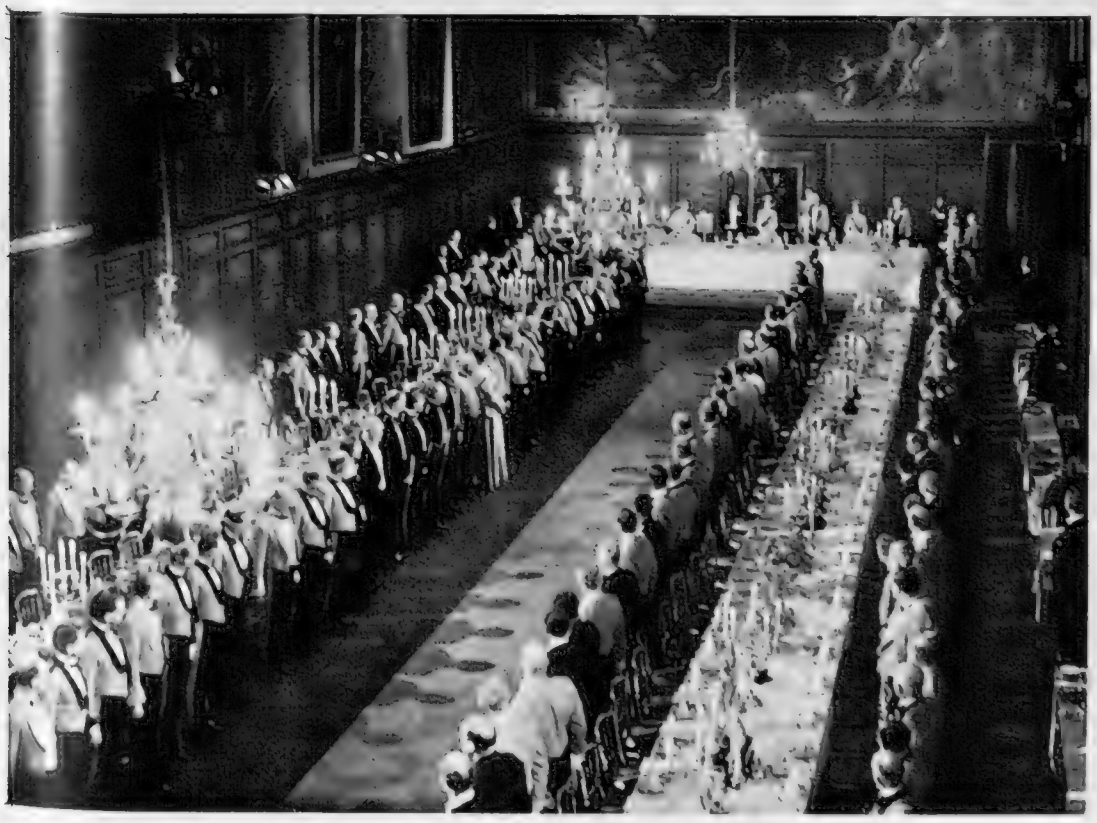
A FEW MILES FROM THE CENTRE OF LONDON: Followers move off through the bracken to the first covert at the meet of the Enfield Chace at North Lodge, Trent Park, Cockfosters, Middlesex. There is much woodland in the Enfield Chace country, which also lies within the adjacent county of Hertfordshire.

THE ROYAL GUESTS TAKE THEIR PLACES: The Queen is in the centre of the top table at the dinner given in her honour last week by the Army Council and the Army in the great hall of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. On the Queen's right are Mr. John Hare, Secretary of State for War, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Lord Ironside, the Duke of Gloucester, Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Duchess of Kent, and Lord Alexander. On her left are Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Princess Margaret, Lord Alanbrooke, the Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Montgomery (partly hidden), the Princess Royal, and Sir John Harding.

THE QUEEN ATTENDS AN ARMY DINNER

She is the Guest of Honour in the Great Hall of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

In addition to the members of the Royal Family and the Field Marshals at the top table, there were 175 other guests at the Army's Tercentenary Dinner last week. Each regiment and corps was represented by a Colonel, and the Commonwealth countries by the senior officers from the liaison staffs in London. On arrival at the Royal Hospital the Queen was met by Mr. John Hare and Sir Gerald Templer, who had just been promoted Field Marshal. A procession was formed, and as the Royal guests walked from the state dining-room to the great hall they were accompanied by the War Secretary and the Field Marshals. Preceding the Queen were two Gurkha orderly officers and a piper. The dinner was prepared, cooked and served by members of the N.A.A.F.I., and the tables were decorated with regimental silver, each regiment and corps in the Army having lent one piece for the occasion. There were two speeches, one by the Queen in reply to the toast of her health, and the other by Mr. Hare. He said the Army was "immensely proud to receive their Sovereign and to do so in these ancient and beautiful surroundings."



THE ENTRY OF THE QUEEN: She is accompanied by Mr. John Hare during the procession to the great hall. Over her full-skirted evening dress of gold and silver brocade is the blue riband and star of the Order of the Garter. Next in the procession is the Queen Mother. *On left*—A general view of the scene within the great hall.

THE "JEWS OF ETHIOPIA" AND THEIR HOMES: Members of the Falasha tribe gather round a hut in the village of Wallaka, near Gondar, north of Lake Tana, in Ethiopia. All the thirty inhabitants belong to the family of the Patriarch, Abi Melik Dawit. The Falashas, who number several thousands, are only different from their fellow-Ethiopians in religion. They practise a form of the Jewish faith. It is still sometimes held that the Falashas derive from one of the so-called "Lost Tribes" of Israel.

A "LOST TRIBE" OF ISRAEL?

In North Ethiopia Lives a People Distinguished from the Rest of the Population by its Practise of the Jewish Faith; its Origin is a Subject for Speculation

IN the neighbourhood of the city of Gondar, in Ethiopia, north of Lake Tana, live the Falashas, a tribe of the Jewish faith. Not being different in any way from their fellow-Ethiopians, neither in habits—except religion—nor in language or complexion, the Falashas for many centuries have been considered part of the popular but fallacious legend of the "Lost Tribes of Israel." They are alleged to be descendants of the Tribe of Dan.

Although the origin of the Falashas has been a matter of discussion for a long time, and although to-day several new theories about their origin have been put forward, the "Lost Tribe" idea is still accepted by some people.

The "Lost Tribe" theory was originally started by a legendary Jewish figure, Eldad Hadani, who about A.D. 700 declared himself the New Messiah. The same theory was offered many centuries later, in A.D. 1600, by Prince Dawid Reubeni, who travelled from Ethiopia to Rome to ask the Pope for help against the Moslems.

Estimates of the numbers of the Falashas vary very widely, from 15,000 to 150,000. The former Governor of the province of Gondar has calculated that in his province alone there were more than 50,000 Falashas. Many certainly cannot derive from any "Lost Tribe." Latest and most complete studies by Rabbi Schmul Beeri, who at the request of the Jewish Agency in New York has spent several years in Ethiopia, vaguely prove that the Falashas arrived in Ethiopia about the year A.D. 400.

Other theories which have been propounded from time to time declare that the Falashas (1): are converted Aguas; (2) Yemenite Arabs who were converted during the Ethiopian-Yemenite wars; (3) emigrated to Ethiopia during Moses' time; (4) arrived in Ethiopia after the destruction of the first temple in the year 580 B.C.; (5) Hellenic Jews who came to the land of the present Lion of Judah after the destruction of the second Temple by Titus in the year A.D. 70, and (6) accompanied the Queen of Sheba, when she returned to Ethiopia from her sojourn at the court of King Solomon to give birth to the son of their union, from whom all succeeding emperors of Ethiopia —including Emperor Haile Selassie—descend.

But whatever the mysterious origin of the Falashas, it is amazing to find that after so many centuries these people have held on to the Jewish faith, although a faith that differs on several points from Judaism elsewhere.

Having been finally subdued by the Ethiopians in the seventeenth century, after long wars during which the Falashas defended their independence, the present-day descendants do not have any knowledge of Hebrew. The Old Testament which they use is written—as is the Coptic Church's Old Testament—in Ge'ez, the old language of Ethiopia. Up to a few years ago the Falashas did not celebrate the Jewish festivals of Purim and Khanuka, which were unknown to them. Largely due to the work of Rabbi Beeri, and of Bogale Jona, one of the Falasha pupils of the late Professor Feitlowitz (1905-46), who was the first to take an active interest in the "Lost Tribe," both these festivals are now celebrated around Lake Tana.

Like Jewish boys elsewhere, Falasha youngsters are circumcised on the eighth day after their birth, and—as with the Ethiopians—a somewhat similar operation is performed on Falasha girls. But one of the most scrupulously kept ceremonies of the Jewish faith, the Bar Mitswo, when boys of the age of thirteen are officially accepted as members of the congregation, is utterly unknown to the Falashas.

On the other hand, the Sabbath is observed most strictly by these Ethiopian Jews. On this day they will not even leave their village, however small it may be. And the Falashas, contrary to their co-religionists, have monks and priests, who sometimes cannot write, but who do know the Old Testament and the Laws by heart.

While marriage is performed by the priest, divorce with the Falashas is a very simple matter: at the request of the husband the wife returns him the marriage certificate, after which he—in the presence of two witnesses—says: "From to-day on you are not any longer my wife." He then tears up the certificate, and is a free man.

Mr. Abi Melik Dawit, the sixty-year-old patriarch of the village of Wallaka, near Gondar (where the pictures on these pages were taken), now lives with his third wife, who is thirty. His two former wives, from whom he divorced himself on account of sickness, are still living in the compound, each one in a separate hut. For, as the mother of Abi Melik's children, they belong to the family.

WEAVING: Cloth is too expensive to be bought and, like most Ethiopians, the Falashas weave their own materials.

A STAPLE DRINK: Asrashah, a daughter of Abi Melik, prepares coffee by burning the beans on an iron platter.

FALASHA CHILDREN: They are of Abi Melik Dawit's family group living in the village of Wallaka.

A SABBATH GARMENT : A girl hangs Abi Melik's Sabbath garment to dry in the sun. Although there is no synagogue in Wallaka, the inhabitants strictly observe the Sabbath, as do all the people of the Falashas.

On left—
A PRECIOUS ORNAMENT : The woman's necklace includes a Maria Theresa Thaler, a broken milk-bottle top, and leather pouches containing pieces of writing. The ornament is regarded as a talisman, especially for the purpose of good health.

THE PATRIARCH AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS : The sixty-year-old Abi Melik Dawit and Asrashah squat to drink coffee from the little cups common all over Ethiopia.

This family of thirty people, which makes up the total population of the village, is composed of the thirteen children of the three marriages, three girls and one son from the first wife, four sons and one girl from the second, and four sons from the present marriage, plus the wives of his sons and *their* children. It is probably due to the Falasha custom of frequent bathing—they have to bathe every time they have been dealing with non-Jewish Ethiopians—that only one of the Dawit's children has died. This is very different from the conditions among the Coptic Ethiopians living outside the cities. Their mortality rate is high.

There is a Baptist mission in the Falasha country, with a school of approximately sixty pupils. With the new interest of the Israeli Government in the Ethiopian Jews, Rabbi Beeri hopes to be able to take all children out of this school next year, and give them an entirely Jewish education.

CORN FOR UNLEAVENED BREAD : Dura, a kind of corn, is being sifted. From it unleavened bread will be baked. The Falasha follow many of the orthodox Jewish customs, but they have no knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, nor do they keep some of the important ceremonies and festivals which are observed by the orthodox Jews.

CRAFTSMEN IN IRON : Men of Wallaka hammer on the anvil ploughing knives which will be sold in the market of Gondar. The Falashas are not allowed to own land in Ethiopia, and so for generations they have been artisans. In their villages, which are mainly centred round Lake Tana, there are many craftsmen in iron.

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST TRAINERS OF ANIMALS IN THE WORLD: Philippe Gruss, aged twenty-two, rehearses some of his leopards. They are appearing in the Festival Circus at Harringay Arena, which opens on December 22 and marks the tenth anniversary of the Tom Arnold Circuses there. M. Gruss comes from France. It is claimed that this will be "the most international circus" ever presented in London or in any other part of Britain. Performers will be seen from Austria, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Belgium, Denmark, the Netherlands, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, India and China. There will also be a number of British troupes. The artists will include clowns, acrobats, trapeze performers and numerous turns with such animals as horses, dogs, camels and crocodiles. This circus will be giving performances until January 26.

A JUGGLER FROM ITALY: Nino Rubio juggles with cups and saucers on the top of an unsupported ladder.

A CROCODILE HYPNOTISER: Karah Khavak holds one of the reptiles which he hypnotises at the Harringay Circus.

SHOWS FOR THE SEASON

Circus and Panto Prepare; A Charity Performance and a New London Revue

PROPS FOR A PANTOMIME: Mr. Bert Warren paints a giant jewel-box in a theatrical workshop near Leicester Square in the West End of London. This box will be used in Val Parnell's Christmas Pantomime, *The Wonderful Lamp*, which will start its season at the Palladium Theatre on December 22. Behind Mr. Warren are a number of other properties for this show, of which the star will be Norman Wisdom.

AN UNUSUAL ROLE FOR SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER: The eminent actor wears a drooping moustache in the style of fifty years ago as he sings on the stage at a rehearsal for a charity show in the Saville Theatre, London. Sitting beside him is his wife, Vivien Leigh, wearing Edwardian costume. The show, in which many leading actors and actresses took part, was in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama.

IN "UNITED NOTIONS" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE: George Tapps, from America, leaps in the air surrounded by members of his dancing team in the new revue in London. It is described as an "international" show, for the other stars include Tommy Trinder, Patachou, the diseuse from Paris, and Pinky Lee, a comedian who is also from America. These three appear singly and in items supported by others in a strong company. *United Notions* is presented by Jack Hylton and produced by Arthur Lesser. George Tapps is the choreographer. There are two performances each night.

STARS OF THE NEW REVUE: In the finale of *United Notions* are, in the centre, Tommy Trinder, as a Principal Boy, and Patachou. During the show at the Adelphi the latter sings in both English and French. Another outstanding turn is the juggling with clubs of the Peiro Brothers.

CHRIS BRASHER LEAPS AHEAD TO WIN BRITAIN'S FIRST INDIVIDUAL GOLD MEDAL IN OLYMPIC RUNNING EVENTS SINCE 1932 : The 28-year-old Londoner takes a water-jump in the last lap of the 3,000 metres steeplechase. Behind is Sandor Rozsnyoi, of Hungary (second).

A BRITISH RUNNER WHO ALMOST ACHIEVED THE HIGHEST HONOUR: D. J. N. Johnson (second from right, No. 137) fails by no more than 2 ft. to beat Tom Courtney, of the United States, in the final of the 800 metres. The Norwegian, A. Boysen (partly hidden by Courtney), was third. A. Sowell (U.S., No. 154) was fourth; M. A. Farrell (Great Britain, No. 136), fifth; and L. Spurrier (U.S., No. 155), sixth. Johnson ran a race of magnificent judgment. In the second lap Courtney and Sowell were in the lead together. Then Johnson closed on them and for a few strides before the tape was actually in the lead before Courtney made his last effort and got home by a tenth of a second. Both Gold and Silver Medallists beat the Olympic records.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S TWO BOXING GOLD MEDALLISTS: The British lightweight, R. McTaggart (right), sends a long right to the face of A. Vairolatto, of France, whom he beat in an early round. McTaggart, who is in the R.A.F., went on to reach the final in which he defeated the German champion, H. Kurschat. In the flyweight finals the Londoner Terry Spinks was victorious against Rumania's T. Dobrescu. Thus Britain gained two boxing Gold Medals. (The last occasion a Gold Medal was won in boxing was in 1924.) Another British boxer was Silver Medallist in the featherweights. At the beginning of this week Britain had five Olympic Gold Medals altogether—one equestrian, one track, one women's fencing and two boxing.

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN OLYMPIC GAMES HISTORY : Britain's Chris Brasher breasts the tape to come in first in the 3,000 metres steeplechase at Melbourne. Immediately afterwards he was disqualified, but his appeal against this decision was upheld by the verdict of the Olympic jury.

Britain started the Olympic Games at Melbourne with one Gold Medal from the Equestrian events at Stockholm earlier this year. Well before the end of the contests four more premier awards had been added to the British list. First was Chris Brasher's triumph in the 3,000 metres steeplechase, which produced a most unusual and tense incident. Having come in first, he was disqualified for impeding on the last lap. There were three hours of harrowing anxiety while his appeal was being considered by the jury before it was announced that his disqualification was repealed. Next, Miss Gillian Sheen became the first British fencer to gain an Olympic Gold Medal by her success in the women's individual foils. Then in rapid succession Terry Spinks and R. McTaggart splendidly won their finals in the boxing ring. Britain's competitors also gained their share of the Silver and Bronze Medals, and special mention should be made in this respect of the efforts of Pirie and Johnson.

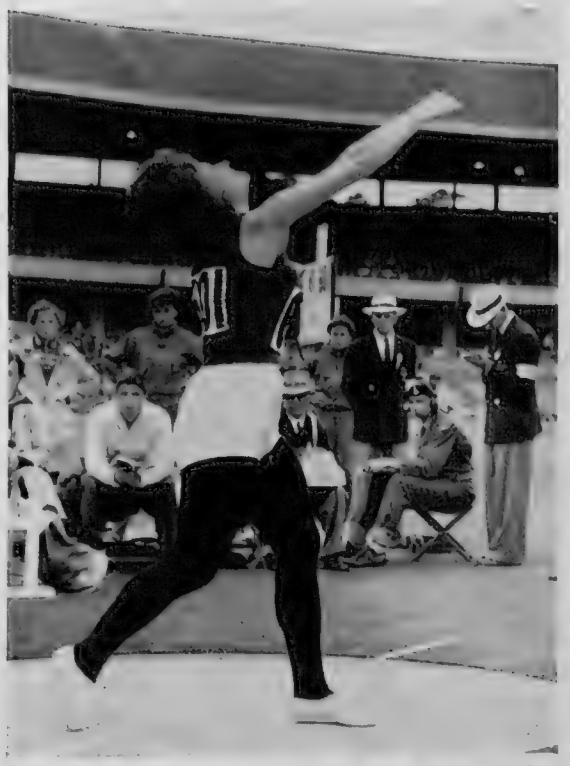
The Olympic Games—I.

GOLD MEDALS FOR BRITAIN

Brasher Wins the Steeplechase; And Other Competitors add to British Awards

CONGRATULATIONS: Gordon Pirie, on the right, congratulates the victorious Russian, Vladimir Kuts, after their thrilling duel in the 10,000 metres at Melbourne. Kuts also won the 5,000 metres, in which Pirie was second.

A MAKER OF A NEW RECORD The Czechoslovak Olga Fikitova throws the discus. In the final she won the Gold Medal and established a new Olympic record of 176 ft. 1½ ins. Second was I. Beglyakova, of the Soviet Union.



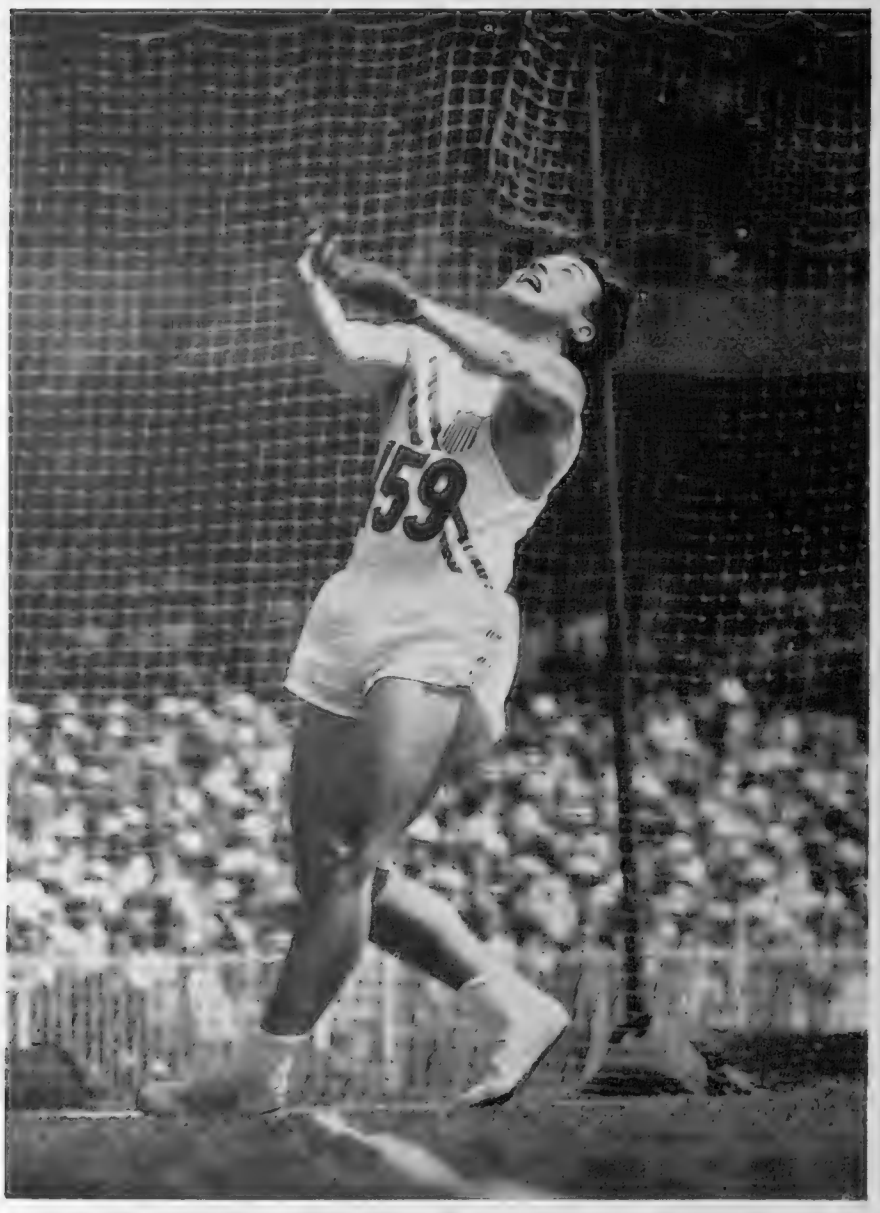
NINA OF THE FIVE HATS : The Soviet discus thrower, Nina Ponomareva, is in action in her progress towards finishing third in this event. As the cause of the famous incident, she was a centre of interest at Melbourne.

A BRITISH GIRL IN THE DISCUS EVENT : Suzanne Allday shows her skill in the arena. Although she achieved a distance of 135 ft. 11⅞ ins., she did not qualify for the final. However, she was a finalist in the shot putt.

The Olympic Games—II. and III.

ON FIELD AND TRACK AT MELBOURNE

Men and Women Competitors from Many Nations in a Variety of Events



A GOLD MEDAL FOR THE UNITED STATES : The American Harold Connolly throws the hammer in the event which he eventually won. It was the first of many duels between the United States and the Soviet Union at Melbourne. Connolly's closest rival was M. Krivonosov, from Minsk. At one point the Russian was leading. Then the American threw 207 ft. 3½ ins. to triumph. Krivonosov was second and another Russian, A. Samotsvetov, third. Britain's entrants, P. C. Allday and D. W. J. Anthony, were in ninth and twelfth positions respectively.

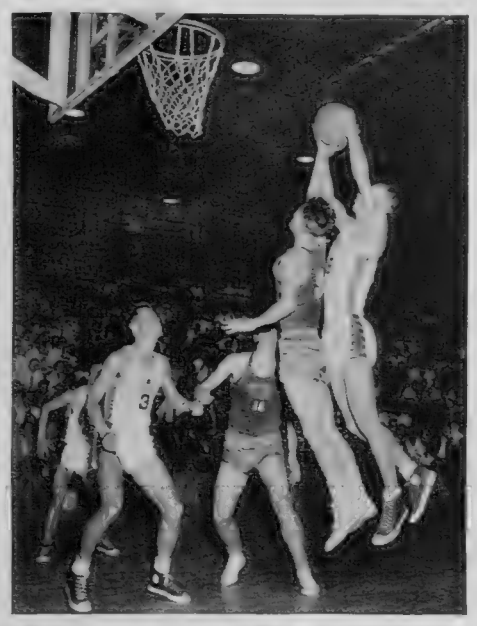
THE FINAL OF THE 100 METRES : R. W. Morrow, of America, on the extreme left, adds to his country's tally of Gold Medals. In the semi-final he had equalled the Olympic record of 10·3 secs. set up by Jesse Owens twenty years ago. But weather conditions prevented any improvement on this time in the final.

AN INTER-COMMONWEALTH HOCKEY MATCH : J. A. Strover (on the left), one of the backs of the British XI, swings at the ball in an unsuccessful attempt to score a goal in the match against Kenya. The result was a draw. Previously, in the first hockey match of the Games, the British team had also drawn with Malaya.

RELAXING AFTER WINNING THE 50 KILOMETRES WALK : *Left*—Norman Read, who gained a Gold Medal for New Zealand, lies on the ground after his victory and watches A. Pamich, of Italy, who was fourth, come up to the winning-post. *Right*—The winner is congratulated for his success. He covered the distance of just over 31 miles in 4 hrs. 30 mins. 42.8 secs. The race took place in gruelling heat and only thirteen of the twenty-three competitors finished. Britain could claim an interest in Read's victory. He lived in Steyning, Sussex, and was a member of the A.A.A. before he emigrated to New Zealand two years ago.

A GERMAN SUCCESS : Christa Stubnick won the Silver Medal in the women's 100 metres final.

A RECORD TIME IN THE WOMEN'S 80 METRES HURDLES : The Australian Shirley Strickland de la Hunty (in the centre) clears the last hurdle to win in 10.7 secs., a record time. On the right is Gisela Kohler, of Germany, who was second, and on the left Norma Thrower (Australia), who was third.



On left—
THE FIRST EVENT OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES : Players leap for the ball under the basket in the basket-ball match between Formosa and Korea. The two in the air are Yet-an-Wu (No. 9), of Formosa, and Nan Chung Paik, of Korea. This game was played on the day on which the Duke of Edinburgh opened the Games in Melbourne. Formosa won with 83 points to Korea's 76. Another early game in the basket-ball championships was between Russia and Canada, which the former won.

ALL-AMERICAN VICTORY : G. Davis (No. 278 in centre) takes the last hurdle to equal the Olympic record in the 400 metres hurdles. On the right are his two fellow-countrymen, S. Southern (No. 279) and J. Culbreath (No. 277), who were second and third respectively. The winner's time was 50·1 secs. After a few days, America was leading comfortably in the Gold Medal list, and Russia was second.

THE INDIVIDUAL WINNER OF THE PENTATHLON : Lars Hall, of Sweden, reaches the finishing-line in the cross-country run of the Modern Pentathlon. In the final places for all five parts of this extremely testing event, he was placed first with 4,833 points.

A PHOTO-FINISH AT MELBOURNE: Australia's eighteen-year-old champion, Betty Cuthbert (in the centre, No. 468), reaches the tape in the final of the women's 100 metres just ahead of Christa Stubnick, of Germany (extreme right), who was second, and Marlene Matthews, of Australia (470), third. Others in the picture are I. Daniels (U.S., 503), who came in fourth; G. Leone (Italy, 490), fifth; and H. J. Armitage (Great Britain, 487), sixth. The result was so close that a photo-finish was necessary. Miss Cuthbert's time equalled the Olympic record. She also won the 200 metres.

The Olympic Games—IV.

FINALISTS AND OTHERS

WINNING THE GOLD MEDAL FOR THE DISCUS: Alfred A. Oerter (United States) throws the discus 184 ft. 10½ ins. to win the event and establish a new record for the Games. M. Pharaoh, of Great Britain, was fourth.

IN THE 400 METRES HURDLES: R. Parker, of Australia, heads the field to the tape in his heat of the 400 metres hurdles in 53.5 secs. However, in the semi-finals the Australian athlete was unable to obtain a place.

THE PLACES OF HONOUR: On the podium after the long jump are the winner, G. Bell, of the United States, who jumped 25 ft. 8½ ins.; J. Bennet, also of the United States, second; and J. Valkama (Finland), third.

A GOLD MEDAL AND OLYMPIC RECORD FOR POLAND: E. Krzesinska, of Poland, sets up a new Olympic record and wins Poland a Gold Medal at Melbourne. Her winning leap was 20 ft. 9¾ ins., which beat the previous record by 4¼ ins. and equalled the world record. No British entrants in this event succeeded in reaching the final.

A BRITISH ENTRANT IN THE PENTATHLON: D. Cobley, of the R.A.F., answers his name as his horse is drawn by ballot in this five-sided event which consists of riding, shooting, cross-country running, swimming and fencing. Cobley's most successful day was in the running, when he came in first. In the overall placings he was twenty-fifth.

AMERICAN SPOTLIGHT

A Brief Survey of Various Personalities in the News

THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ITALY: President Eisenhower has nominated James D. Zellerbach, of San Francisco, as Ambassador to Italy in succession to Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who has resigned because of ill health. The appointment is subject to confirmation by the Senate. Mr. Zellerbach, who is sixty-four, is a leading American industrialist who has played an active part in international affairs. From 1948 to 1950 he was leader of the United States Economic Co-operation Administration's special mission to Italy.

On right—

COMBINING BUSINESS AND PLEASURE: Mr. Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State (on left), accompanied by Mr. Herbert Hoover, Junr., sets out from Key West, Florida, for a day's fishing and informal discussion. Mr. Hoover, who acted as Mr. Dulles' deputy during the Secretary of State's recent illness, had flown out to Key West to confer with his superior, who was resting after his operation. Mr. Dulles was using his convalescence to catch up on the world situation before re-entering the political scene.

THE PRESIDENT ACCEPTS MRS. LUCE'S RESIGNATION: President Eisenhower gestures as he speaks to Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce in his Washington office after he had accepted her resignation from the post of Ambassador to Italy due to her ill-health. Mrs. Luce has been Ambassador in Italy since early in 1953. She will continue her convalescence for several months.

Below—

A VISITOR FOR MR. DULLES: The American Secretary of State greets the Vice-President, Mr. Richard Nixon, after his arrival by plane in Key West, Florida, from Miami. Mr. Nixon, who was on vacation in Miami, had lunch with Mr. Dulles. He stated afterwards that there was no official significance in his visit to the Secretary of State, who was still convalescing from his intestinal operation in the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN DINNER: The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (second from right), attends the annual dinner of the English-Speaking Union of the United States held in the Waldorf Astoria, New York. With the Foreign Secretary in this picture are, left to right, Mr. William V. Griffin, president of the American English-Speaking Union, Mr. Lewis Douglas, former Ambassador to Great Britain and chairman of the Union, and General Gruenther, who has recently retired from the post of NATO Supreme Commander.

THE BASE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: Transport planes of the American Air Development Squadron 6 and the 18th Air Force are lined-up in a dispersal area at the United States Naval Air Facility in McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. It was from this air base, cut out of the sea ice, that a Douglas transport plane equipped with snow skis flew a naval party led by Rear-Admiral George J. Dufek to the South Pole. In the right background can be seen part of the slopes of Mount Erebus.

BY AIR TO THE SOUTH POLE

A United States Douglas Transport Plane Lands at the Pole

When a United States Navy transport plane landed at the end of October at the South Pole with a seven-man team aboard it was the first time that anyone had set foot on that spot since Captain Scott, following Amundsen, did so in January, 1912, before dying with the rest of his party on the return trip. The ski-equipped plane bearing the American party landed at 8.30 in the morning and took off again almost exactly one hour later. During the time spent at the Pole the American flag was raised and a simple ceremony took place.

The Douglas transport left the air base at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica, piloted by Lieut.-Commander Conrad Shinn with Captain William Hawkes as co-pilot. Both men are veterans of the American naval expedition which explored large tracts of Antarctica in 1947-48. On board the aircraft with Rear-Admiral George Dufek, commander of the United States Antarctic Expedition, were the four other members of the team. One of them was Captain Douglas Cordiner, who is in command of air activities at the Naval Air Facility, McMurdo Sound, from where the flights to the Pole are being made. The flight out to the South Pole was uneventful and the landing was made successfully.

On take-off for base all the fifteen jet-assistance bottles on the plane had to be used to gain sufficient power. The take-off however, was successful. Soon after turning for base in company with the escort plane, which had flown overhead during the hour spent at the Pole, Rear-Admiral Dufek's aircraft developed engine trouble when the oil pressure in one of the engines dropped alarmingly. After two hours of flight the mountains at the edge of the South Polar Plateau appeared and the crippled plane was able to feel her way down to refuel at the camp on the Ross Shelf Ice, while the Globemaster returned to the airstrip at McMurdo Sound.

AN AMERICAN BASE IN ANTARCTICA: Regular lines of prefabricated huts in the snow mark the operational headquarters of the American naval air base at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. The present expedition is also engaged on survey work.

A PLANE AT THE POLE: The United States Navy R4D Skytrain, which landed at the South Pole with a seven-man naval team, taxies on the snowfields where no man has walked since Captain Scott and his companions, following Amundsen, did so in January 191

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES : The leader of the American party which flew to the Pole, Rear-Admiral Dufek (on right), speaks to Captain W. M. Hawkes after the American flag had been raised at the South Pole. The naval party stayed for about one hour at the spot before taking off again.

On right—

THE SEVEN-MAN NAVAL TEAM : The American party pose beside their aircraft shortly after landing at the South Pole. The leader of the group, Rear-Admiral George J. Dufek, is second from the left. Also in the party are Captain Douglas Cordiner, of Washington, Captain William Hawkes, of Jersey City, Lieut.-Commander Conrad Shinn, of Spray, N.C., Lieutenant John Swaden, of Elkhart, Ind., aviation mechanic John Strider, of Kearneysville, and aviation electronics technician William Cumbie, of Milton, Florida.

Below—

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SCOTT : The U.S.N. R4D Skytrain with Rear-Admiral Dufek and his party on board touches down in the snow near the approximate position of the South Pole. The landing was made at about 8.30 in the morning. A Globemaster circled overhead while the Skytrain was at the Pole.

The Sphere of Travel

WINTER HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

Within a Few Hours of London by Air, Winter Warmth can be Found on the French and Italian Rivieras, in Southern Italy, in the Alps, and in Spain and Portugal

By GORDON COOPER

THERE is surely no greater thrill in foreign travel than to escape from Britain's usually bleak winter and find oneself a few hours later in glorious sunshine. If you have the time, you can chase the sun further afield than Europe, say in Ceylon, South Africa, or the West Indies, but in this article I will restrict myself to giving suggestions about resorts which can be reached by air within a few hours of London.

The well-established places are those I prefer to recommend, if only because they provide hotel accommodation which is properly heated. My own experience is that when you stray from the beaten track, you are inviting discomfort, especially after the sun has gone down. I do not like having to go to bed immediately after dinner simply to get warm, but that can well be the case if you go experimenting.

Owing to existing political conditions, there are some places I would like to recommend which must be ruled out at the present time. A possible exception is Morocco, where Tangier is perfectly safe for visitors, and probably Agadir which is always my first choice for reliable winter warmth. As it can be reached by air, this lessens the possibility of untoward events on the journey there and back.

Without a doubt the most popular of all the winter sunshine areas is the Côte d'Azur, which can be reached from London, by air, in a matter of four or five hours. Menton, Beaulieu, and Monte Carlo are the three most sheltered resorts on this favoured coast, while Cannes and Nice are gay and fashionable playgrounds. At the latter, the Carnival festivities are as spectacular as any in Europe. The principal events for 1957 are as follows:

FEBRUARY 21: Arrival of H.M. King Carnival.
FEBRUARY 24: Carnival Parades (afternoon and evening).
FEBRUARY 28: First Battle of Flowers.
MARCH 2: Fancy Dress Ball, "Redouté" colours (jade green and tangerine compulsory).
MARCH 3: Carnival Parade (afternoon).
MARCH 5: Shrove Tuesday Procession. Fireworks—and Grand Veglione (evening).
MARCH 7: Second Battle of Flowers.

During the winter season other Carnivals, Battles of Flowers, Fêtes, Operas, Concerts, Galas, etc., will take place at the main resorts along the French Riviera. Full details can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office and the leading travel agents.

There are two places inland where a certain number of visitors stay: Grasse and Bormes-les-Mimosas. The former lies twelve miles from Cannes and is about 1,000 ft. above sea-level. Sited on a basin in the mountains, it overlooks plains famous for the flower-growing which serves its scent factories; but the flowers are not at their best till May. The air is mild, and on fine days in the winter months it is sometimes hot; but the nights are apt to be cold. Bormes-les-Mimosas is definitely a warmer spot (it lies east of Hyères and not far from Le Lavandou), but is more cut off than Grasse from the attractions of resorts. The hotel there, however, is very pleasant, and the old town is perched upon a hill. From this point, there is a fine view over the coast.

There are many people who prefer the Italian Riviera to the Côte d'Azur. There is indeed the same deep blue Mediterranean; there are the same headlands clad in pines and cedars; the same fertile valleys with their picturesque villages; there are the same delightful walks under olive trees and along the craggy cliffs. The difference lies, I think, in the work of man. The French Riviera is planned and organised and sophisticated, while the appeal of the Ligurian coast is more natural. Although San Remo is the most fashionable resort (it possesses a gambling casino), nearby Bordighera and Ospedaletti will appeal to those seeking a quieter environment; all three are well sheltered from northern winds. Then, east of Genoa, Rapallo, S. Margherita, Portofino and Nervi can all be recommended.

One of the most exquisite corners in Italy is undoubtedly the Bay of Naples with its nearby Sorrentine Peninsula. I feel that there is no need to sing the charms of Capri, for surely there is no more famous island of its kind elsewhere. I believe, however, that nearby Ischia would be more sheltered. Then, on the southern side of the Sorrentine Peninsula, I favour Amalfi. The nearby coast is perhaps the loveliest in Italy, and its historical appeal gives an added interest. In winter, I would not recommend Sorrento, although it does appear in some travel agents' lists.

By air (Alitalia), you can leave London Airport at 9.40 a.m. and reach Catania (Sicily) by direct flight at 6.20 p.m. There are linking coaches to bring you to Taormina and Syracuse in time for dinner. I have given previous recommendations to these two well-known resorts so there is no need for me to expand on their attractions again. I suggest that Palermo merits consideration, for it is a delightful city during the early months of the year and has some good hotels. Alitalia have a connecting coach service, but it means spending the night in Catania. It might be preferable to change at Rome and fly direct to Palermo Airport.

My last Italian recommendation will be Merano in the Dolomites. Before the war this delightful resort was popular during the winter with British visitors, for there is an absence of wind and a correspondingly large amount of sunshine. There is little rain or snow, and sometimes cloudless days for two or three weeks. It is not a damp place, and the air is a real tonic. The environs are charming.

Earlier this year, when climatic conditions were appalling throughout Europe, I visited the Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain (10,000 ft.), and enjoyed, with many others, almost tropical sun-bathing under a perfect sky. While such a spot can hardly be recommended for a winter holiday, towards the end of February and during March the resorts along Lake Constance provide early spring conditions. Meersburg, Lindau (casino), and Constance are three recommendations, not least because they offer excellent hotel accommodation.

In a recent article I spoke of the attractions of Locarno as a winter resort. It is, in fact, the mildest place in Switzerland, and is at a lower level (690 ft.) than any other Swiss resort. There is plenty of shelter on the north, and it is an entertaining place in which to stay, with opportunities for various excursions, including the comparatively short rail trip to Milan. Sheltered Lugano might also be considered for it is well protected from the Föhn and cold winds by high mountains. It is a delightful spot—a veritable Naples in miniature.

Among the sun-warmed Spanish resorts, I think some discretion is advisable. I see some places advertised in travel agents' brochures which would hardly get my recommendation. I would especially emphasise the need for making sure that a chosen hotel is heated, for winter nights can be bitterly cold. I have no hesitation in recommending the Hotel de la Gavina at S'Agaro, for it is the only de luxe establishment on the coast. It stands in a sheltered position, and its sunshine is comparable with the resorts on the French Riviera. In second place, I would name San Feliu de Guixols. You could combine a holiday in either place with a short stay in Barcelona, which is one of my favourite European cities and where there is always something to see and do.

Off the Catalan coast are the popular Balearic Islands. In Palma, there are some good hotels, while the town itself is enchanting and there are opportunities for several rewarding excursions. Many of the streets of Palma are narrow; the houses are a blend of Italy, Spain and the

A WARM WINTER RESORT BETWEEN TWO RIVIERAS: Menton, on the French Riviera, lies close to the Italian frontier, at the eastern extremity of the Côte d'Azur. The town is quieter than Monte Carlo, Nice or Cannes, but enjoys favour with English tourists because of its mild climate and sheltered position. A semi-circle of mountains protects it from the mistral. The West Bay is bounded by Cap Martin, with its luxurious villas.

WEEK-ENDS IN OSTEND

Every week-end during the winter months Britavia Travel Ltd. organise a delightful excursion to Ostend, the all-in cost being £9 8s. if you take the full programme—£6 14s. if you don't. Passengers leave London's Victoria Coach Station on a Saturday morning for Ferryfield Airport, where an excellent lunch is served. Then, a 40-minute flight to Ostend, where accommodation is provided in the Imperial Hotel, right opposite the magnificent Kursaal. There is time for a shopping excursion, after which a gastronomic dinner is served in the Casino Restaurant. Each week an outstanding French restaurateur takes charge. After dinner, there are available the various Casino attractions, including gambling. The return trip begins at noon on the Sunday, with lunch again at Ferryfield Airport, and you get back to London about five. I made this excursion recently and can strongly recommend it. Particulars can be had from your travel agent.

THE MECCA OF WEALTH AND FASHION: Unlike so many of the old coast towns of the Rivieras, Monte Carlo was entirely a creation of the nineteenth century, brought into existence to cater for the wealth and fashion of Europe. Its life revolves around the Casino, which crowns the promontory at the right centre, beyond the yachts moored to a jetty. In the left and centre background are the houses of Beausoleil, an extension of Monte Carlo which lies in French territory. Most of the town forms part of the Principality of Monaco. The capital, Monaco, is a quiet old town in a picturesque setting on the promontory overlooking the sea.

st. There are mysterious courtyards, with wrought-n gates on every side. Romans, Spaniards, Moors and eeks, Phoenicians and Iberians have all left their rk. Above all, there is the cathedral of golden stone, ose silhouette, when seen at dawn or dusk from the er, is one of the outstanding sights of Europe.

Further south in Spain, on the Mediterranean coast, re are the resorts of Algeciras, Estepona, Marbella, ngirola and Torremolinos. All can be easily reached from Britain by means of the B.E.A. direct air service to Gibraltar, which is also worth considering for a winter holiday.

Further west in the Iberian Peninsula, there is Estoril, in Portugal, with its first-class golf course and fashionable Casino. Estoril is the playground for ex-monarchs and millionaires, and I think this indicates its appeal. Not least of its attractions is its proximity to Lisbon, a capital with an insidious appeal for the dawdler.

WINTER UNDER AN ITALIAN SUN: The tiny fishing village of Portofino, its houses on the water's edge hemmed in by precipitous wooded slopes, is one of the prettiest resorts on the Riviera di Levante. Portofino is typical of the Italian Riviera, being less sophisticated than most French resorts.

MILLIONAIRES' BEACH: Estoril, near Lisbon, is a favourite resort of ex-Kings and of the very wealthy. Its climate is equable and warm in winter and the vegetation is sub-tropical.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

French Government Tourist Office, 178, Piccadilly, W.1.
German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, Vigo Street, W.1.
Italian State Tourist Office, 201, Regent Street, W.1.
Portuguese Tourist Office, 20, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.
Spanish Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.
Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, W.C.2.

RECOMMENDED SPECIALIST TRAVEL AGENTS

Back's Travel Service, 56, Coram Street, W.C.1 (for Morocco).
C.I.T. Travel Service, 10, Charles II Street, S.W.1 (for Italy).
Spanish Tourist Service, 4, West Halkin Street, S.W.1 (for Spain).

SOME HOTELS I HAVE LIKED

Amalfi	Santa Caterina.
Bormes-les-Mimosas	Grand Hotel.
Constance	Insel Hotel.
Estepona	Santa Marta.
Ischia	Dei Pini.
Lindau	Bad Schachen.
Locarno	Park Hotel.
Menton	Venise et Continental.
S'Agaro	Hostal de la Gavina.

THE L.C.C.'S NEW NINE-STOREY SCHOOL IN UPPER TULSE HILL, SOUTH-WEST LONDON: The south front of the main teaching accommodation is seen across the administrative block. On the far side of the building, which is 100 ft. high, 30 ft. wide and 284 ft. long, are workshops and gymnasia. As well as being London's tallest school it is possibly the tallest in the country. It is built on a site of more than eight acres on high ground and commands fine views of Central London to the north and over Kent and Surrey to the south. The teaching accommodation has been planned in the nine-storey block as the site is some 3½ acres smaller than the Ministry of Education minimum regulation for schools of this size. Estimated cost of building the school was £608,275, with the additional charge of £53,358 for furniture and equipment. The building is divided into a Lower and an Upper School, each with its own master-in-charge. Boys enter the first forms of the Lower School at the age of eleven and go up at thirteen. The L.C.C. state that the school aims to ensure that every boy, whatever his ability or inclination, shall obtain the education best suited to him. In the Upper School students are prepared for the universities, the professions, industry and commerce.

THE TALLEST SCHOOL IN LONDON

The New Comprehensive School at Tulse Hill, in Lambeth, has Accommodation for 2,000 Boys

THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY: Mr. C. Thomas, who at present has 1,600 boys out of a maximum of 2,000, will eventually control a staff of about eighty. He was formerly deputy headmaster at Dulwich College.

PART OF THE NORTH FRONT: In addition to the staircases, the building has four lifts, each capable of carrying a complete class. By reducing the number of corridors the architect has achieved an economy in floor area. The school was designed by Dr. Leslie Martin.

GOOD WINE

All the sunshine of the warm south
is captured in the golden glow of Madeira wine. Dry as an
aperitif, or rich and full, a glass of Madeira
wine is a never failing delight.

Madeira

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A HEROINE'S STORY

The Amazing Wartime Exploits of Nancy Wake ; The Life of Gordon Selfridge ; A Great Composer and a Famous Singer ; Theatrical History ; Two New Novels

SHE is one of the bravest women in the whole world. She has the George Medal, *three* Croix de Guerre, the American Medal of Freedom and the Resistance Medal from France. She is also a born organiser and leader and she can still say, as she did to her biographer, Mr. Russell Braddon, "My war was full of laughter and people I loved." NANCY WAKE (Cassell. 16s.) has been written on the material reluctantly given to the author by this extraordinary woman. As nearly as possible the mood of which she approves has been kept, a light-hearted understatement of the terrible dangers and an alert eye for the oddities. It is a wonderful story, heartening and inspiring, and it has lost none of its impact with the passage of time.

In actual practice it is not easy to switch from reading a book like the one above to more mundane subjects. But in a comprehensive page like this, it can be done without too much sense of shock. From great courage, therefore, to good shopkeeping and a life of Gordon Selfridge by Mr. A. H. Williams who was for many years associated with him in business. Selfridge was an American who came to England with considerable experience and success behind him to open a store that, in a large measure, revolutionised the whole theory of London shopping. It was an immense place, it was differently designed from any of its competitors' buildings, it sold to some extent different things, it had some unfamiliar departments (the famous ice-cream fountain for one), and it had no name on the door.

Mr. Williams has a bright style for his account of Gordon Selfridge's working days and the playing days for which he was almost as well known. Gaby Deslys and the Dolly Sisters, particularly Jenny Dolly, are given their proper importance and I found the author's assessment of that fabulous affair particularly acute. Altogether, NO NAME ON THE DOOR (W. H. Allen. 18s.) is a very good piece of work indeed.

LETTERS OF EDWARD ELGAR (Bles. 42s.) is a volume that covers, or at least illustrates, the period between 1882 and 1933. It has been selected, edited and annotated by Dr. Percy Young, who has previously given us a long biography of the musician. The present book is a happily chosen companion piece and shows the composer at different stages of his career, as a young man in Victorian days, unknown and of modest antecedents, with the dawn of success in Edwardian times and finally in his years of world fame and royal recognition. Equally absorbing to most readers is the fact that these letters reveal Elgar in so many of his moods: affectionate, depressed, gay, deeply concentrated on work and, quite often, as a joker of some ingenuity.

Elgar was the kind of letter-writer who expressed himself frequently with sketches of anything from a cat to a stave of music, and some of these cards and letters are reproduced in the text and the photographs.

It is sixty years ago since Jenny Lind died in the England that she adopted and was buried in a cemetery in the West Country. She was a legend even in her own time, a heavenly singer and a character about whom the great showman, Barnum, once said: "It is a mistake to say that the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow." A new biography of her has now appeared and it shows a lovable person indeed, but, what is stranger and, truth to tell, more interesting, a woman in whom there was a perpetual conflict between her gift of music and her strict and narrow religious principles. It was as if there were a deep and painful division between the two halves of her life and as if the effort to reconcile them cost Jenny Lind a great deal of her peace of mind.

Miss Joan Bulman has made an admirable start in biography with JENNY LIND (James Barrie. 25s.), knowing enough of music to be intelligible to experts and laymen alike and enough of the art of writing about a famous career to stimulate the reader's interest. What a pity it is, one thinks after reading her book, that gramophone recordings could not then be made of that lovely voice.

There is no division at all in Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope's mind when he comes to write of the theatre in any of its aspects because he is and has demonstrably been a man of the theatre born and bred and, at the present moment, is the best-known of its historians. NIGHTS OF GLADNESS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is about musical plays from the days of *The Beggar's Opera* to the successes of Ivor Novello and Noël Coward. Being not merely an enthusiast but a widely-read and informed man, Mr. Macqueen-Pope touches in the course of this volume on comic operas, opera bouffe, burlesque and musical comedies in their proper turn and revives memories of such dazzling stars as Lily Elsie, Ellaline Terriss, the Dare sisters and Edna May. It all sounds great fun as he tells it and I wonder whether we enjoy American "musicals" now as much as our fathers and forebears used to enjoy the English musical play ?

HORSEWOMAN AND AUTHOR : Miss Pat Smythe, the internationally renowned British rider, autographs copies of her books at W. H. Smith and Son's shop in Kensington. She is signing a copy of *Pat Smythe's Book of Horses* ; in the foreground lies *Jump for Joy : Pat Smythe's Story*, and on the right is stacked her latest volume, *One Jump Ahead* (Cassell. 13s. 6d.). In the new book Miss Smythe relates many reminiscences of her successes at international shows.

When the English produce an eccentric, which they do with greater frequency than is supposed, he—or she—is apt to be eccentric in a very big way indeed. There were, for instance, no half-measures about the latter part of the life of Laurence Oliphant, the Victorian figure who had been *The Times* correspondent in the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, written travel books and a novel, worked as Lord Elgin's private secretary in China and been with Garibaldi in Italy. At the age of thirty-six and after this fairly worldly life he nevertheless renounced all ambitions to join a rigidly bigoted community in America. After two years of working as a farm labourer for this odd little brotherhood he left for Palestine where he was one of the pioneers of Zionism and, with his wife, founded a very strange community there. THE LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT (Robert Hale. 21s.) has been written with considerable verve by Mr. Philip Henderson and if run-of-the-mill biographies fail to distract you, this might be some kind of change.

Mr. Robert J. Donovan has had the odd but, as it turns out, quite impressive idea of writing about all the men, political or just deranged, who have attempted to kill Presidents of the United States. John Wilkes Booth, who shot Lincoln, was the only one whom I could remember by name, but Mr. Donovan has the stories of the man who shot Garfield, the boy who killed McKinley, the house painter who had a crack at Andrew Jackson and several others up to our own day and the Puerto Ricans who made an attempt on President Truman's life. THE ASSASSINS (Elek. 21s.) is far from banal reading and I recommend it as a very readable curiosity.

When Chiang Yee was in Paris the British Minister, Sir William Hayter, writes of him that he wondered whether the Chinese painter and author was going to be able to penetrate "behind her stately facade, her glittering surface. His silence is as deceptive as it is notorious," he adds, "and I need not have worried, as this book shows." The book is THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN PARIS (Methuen. 30s.), written and delightfully illustrated by Chiang Yee in colour and black-and-white sketches, and it gives the newest view of Paris that I have seen yet. The newest and one of the most magical, for this is a writer and a poet who finds strangeness everywhere, to whom nothing is ordinary or automatically acceptable, and who builds his own fables and his own images.

The two novels this week have in common the kind of mannerly charm that is an attraction in itself. TO HAVE AND TO HOLD (Heinemann. 15s.) is the story of a family of three young children, a loving father and husband and a wife who, without warning, goes away with a lover. An old story certainly, and one that could have been tedious by repetition, but Miss Barbara Goolden, by concentrating on the young, about whom her writing is always at its best, makes the problem fresh and touching; a near-tragedy that touches a group of people the reader can almost believe he knows.

IMPETUOUS HEART (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) takes a more romantic view of love and life, but Miss Anne Meredith manages to keep her story of a hundred years of a family's life well on this side of the saccharine. The scene is England from the year of Victoria's accession to the last war, and Miss Meredith should be congratulated on the way in which she keeps the continuity of her story and the pace of its interest.

THE HIGH GIRDERS

A Dramatic Account of the Tay Bridge Disaster

In the '70's of the last century the Tay Bridge, a mighty rail link on Scotland's east coast, was regarded as one of the engineering feats of the world. On the night of Sunday, December 28, 1879, in a great gale the central span, known as the "high girders," collapsed under vast lateral pressure, taking with it into the boiling wintry waters of the Tay Estuary an engine, six coaches and seventy-five passengers. It was not until after a long inquiry that the truth came out. Evidence was produced of loose ties in the cross-bracings, of cement bursting the columns, of rusted fallen bolts along the permanent way.

In THE HIGH GIRDERS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) novelist John Prebble tells the story of the disaster. Facts he piles up in plenty, but even so his presentation is essentially dramatic. In addition to the crowning moment of disaster there is tremendous drama in this grim story of an engineer who destroyed himself and his creation by reaching beyond his personal abilities and allowing vast irregularities in construction which were made manifest when trains of 120 tons thundered over the bridge at speeds that should never have been allowed. Mr. Prebble has rescued from the past many strange stories of the disaster, and much of great interest. Engine 224, which made the last fatal journey on to the bridge, was not left to a rusty death on the beach at Tayport. She was sent to Cowlairs where she was repaired and refitted and set once more upon the rails, and on the rails she was to work for another forty-five years and more. Her drivers were proud of her and fondly nicknamed her "The Diver." As for the High Girders. One by one they were lifted from the bed of the Tay; they were sold as scrap to an English company of locomotive engineers ; and in due time they were made into railway engines.

A. F. Tschiffely's famous ride of 10,000 miles through the Americas has been bettered by Ana Beker. Her ride of 17,000 miles from Buenos Aires to Ottawa, via the Bolivian Mountains, the coastlands of Peru and Colombia to Central America and so on to the U.S.A., constitutes an astonishing feat. WOMAN ON A HORSE (William Kimber. 18s.) has been written by Ana Beker, with the assistance of Clemente Cimorra. There seems no doubt that she enjoyed her journey, despite all its trials and discomforts, but one cannot envy her her experiences on the roads of the United States, where cars travelling almost bumper to bumper at very high speeds obviously make life for the horseman precarious in the extreme.

Lady Wheeler, one of the archæologists working under Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, Director of the Jericho excavations, has written a rather slim but delightful volume regarding that great grey mound of antiquity, the city of Jericho. Why were seventeen successive town walls built in 1,000 years ? How can we account for the collapse of the walls before Joshua and the Israelites ? These and other fascinating questions are tackled by Lady Wheeler, who writes with wit and erudition. She calls her book THE WALLS OF JERICHO (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). It is a work of much imagination that pulsates with vitality and human interest.

FIFTY YEARS OF BROOKLANDS (Heinemann. 25s.) is a notable symposium of the great racing track and aerodrome which will surely hold a permanent place in the history of motor-racing and aviation in this country. It is edited by Charles Gardner. He and his co-authors trace the history of these secluded acres in Surrey where so many dramas were played out. The contributors are people with an intimate knowledge of Brooklands, its triumphs and its failures, and the illustrations, some of which have never before been published, constitute a history in themselves.

Finally here are two excellent books by experienced travellers in the great tradition. Marie Thérèse Ullens de Schooten tells in LORDS OF THE MOUNTAINS (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) of a visit by the author to the spring encampment of the Kashkai, one of the great nomadic tribes of Persia. The author, a diplomat's wife, had the opportunity of meeting Nasser Khan, the chief and judge of the 400,000 members of the tribe. She writes charmingly and with deep insight. The colour and half-tone photographic reproductions are splendid. Franz Caspar's TUPARI (Bell. 18s. 6d.) is the story of a European's experiences when living alone with a primitive Stone Age people in the heart of the Matto Grosso, in South America, one of the most inaccessible spots on earth. Franz Caspar is a Swiss ethnologist and his life among the untamed Tupari makes truly remarkable reading.

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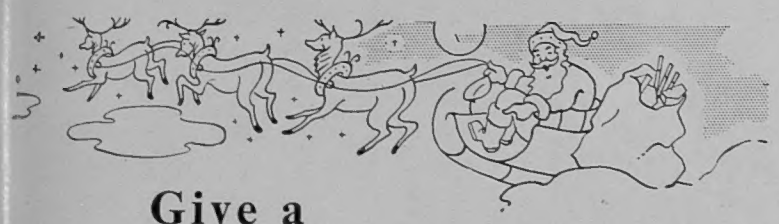

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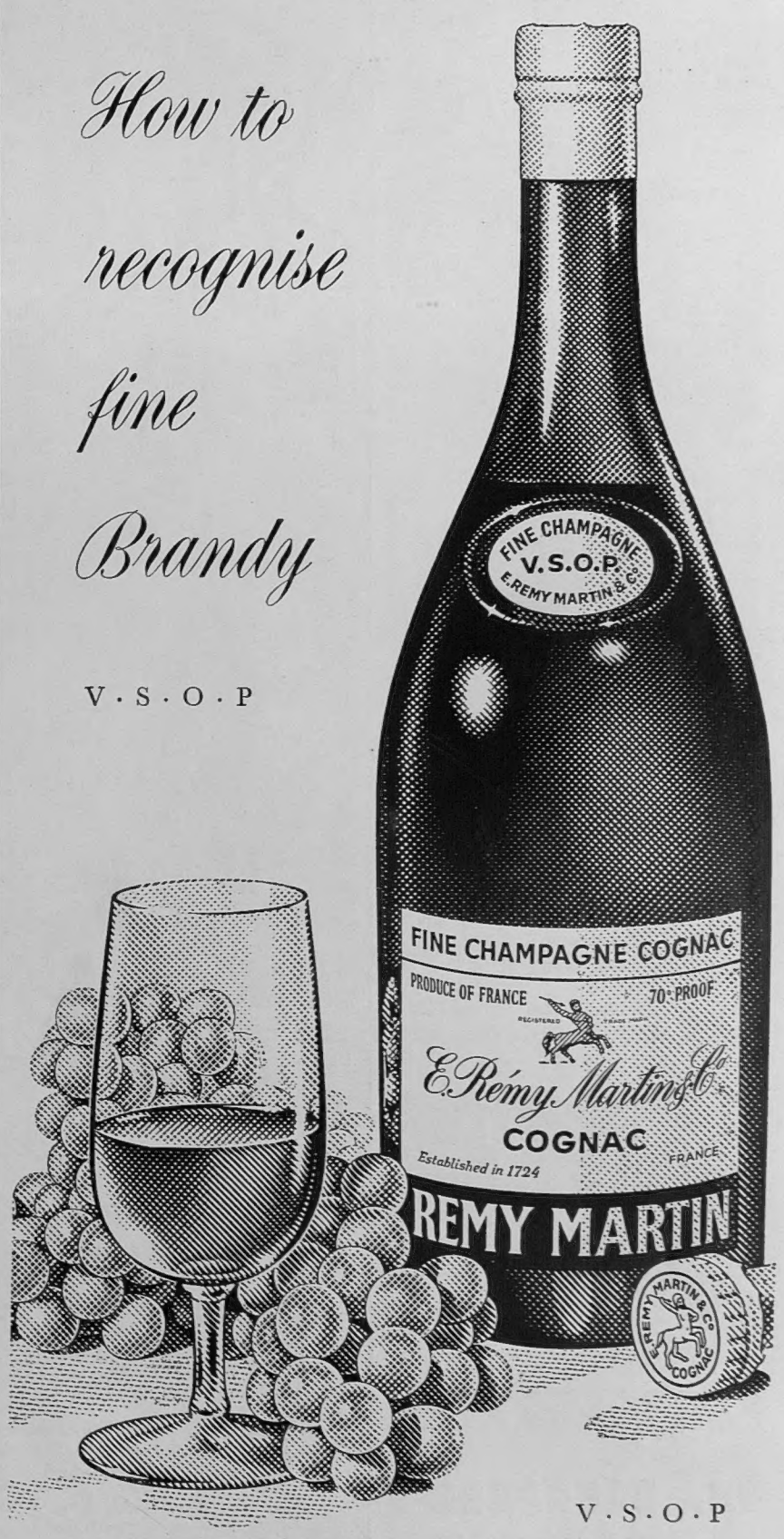

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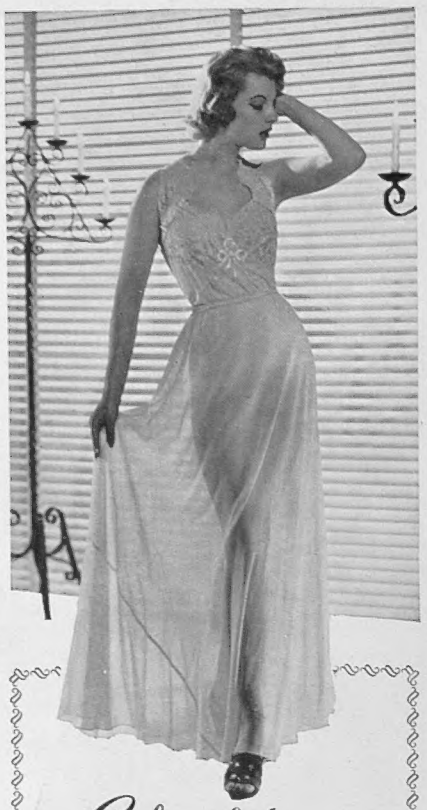

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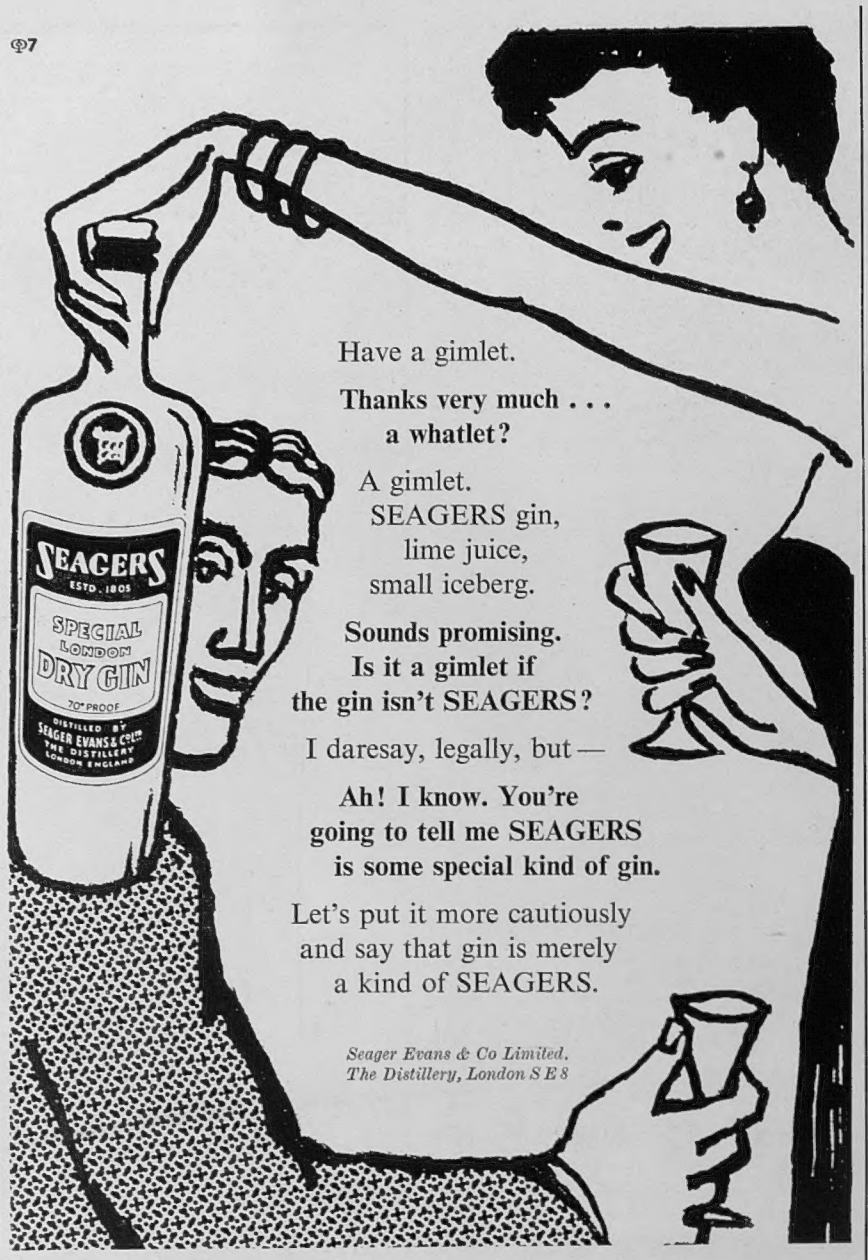

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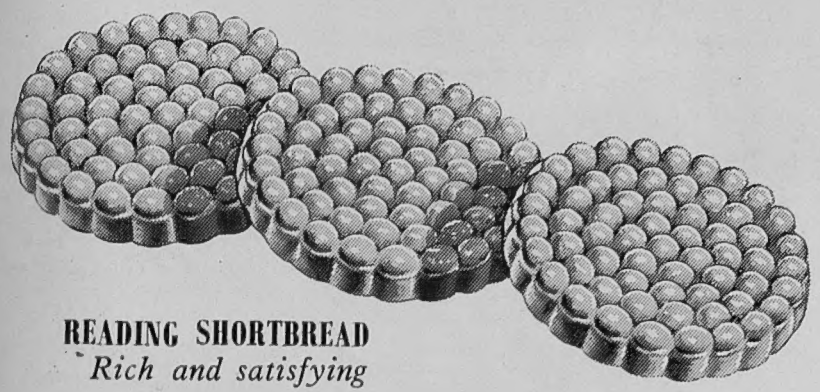

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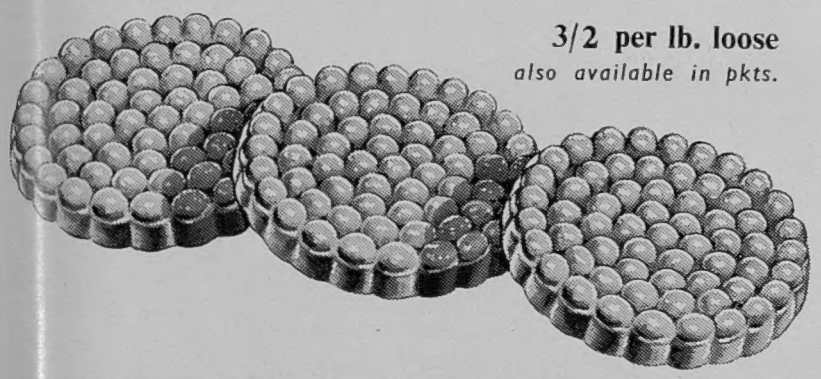

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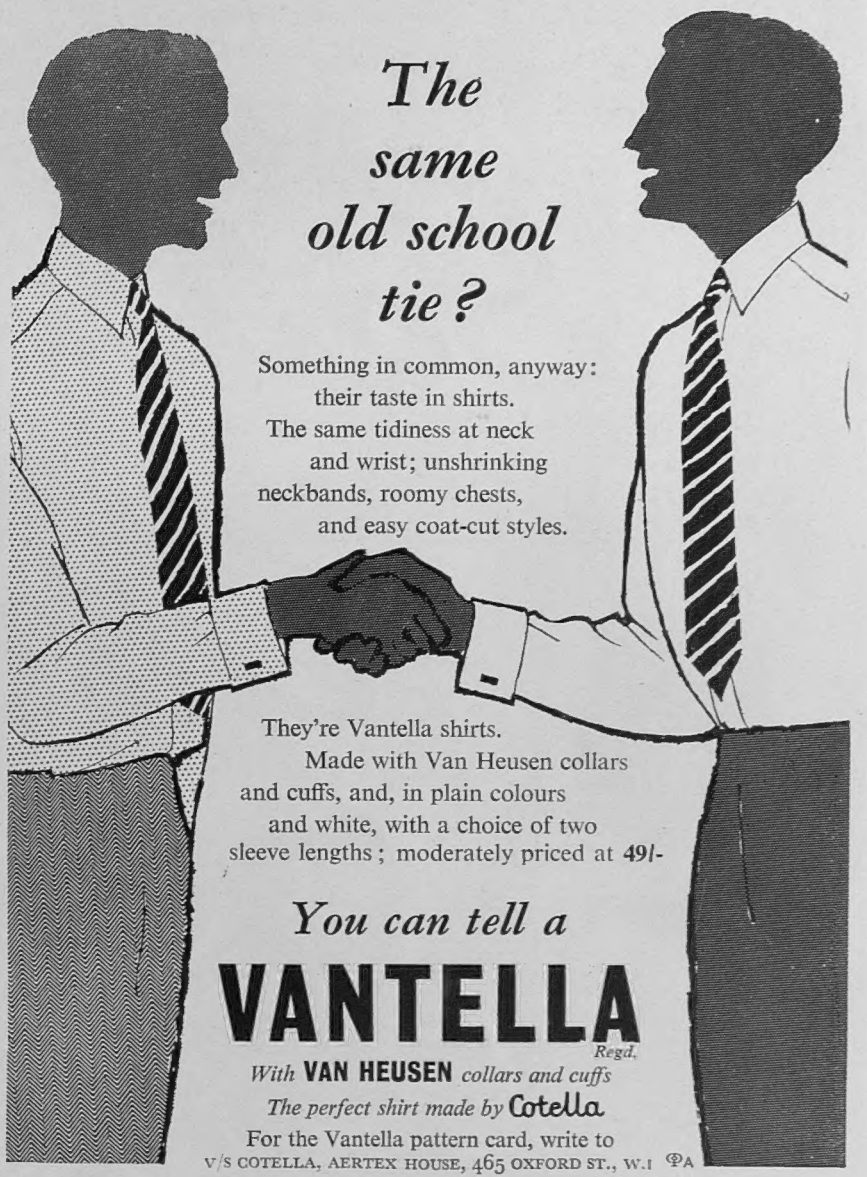

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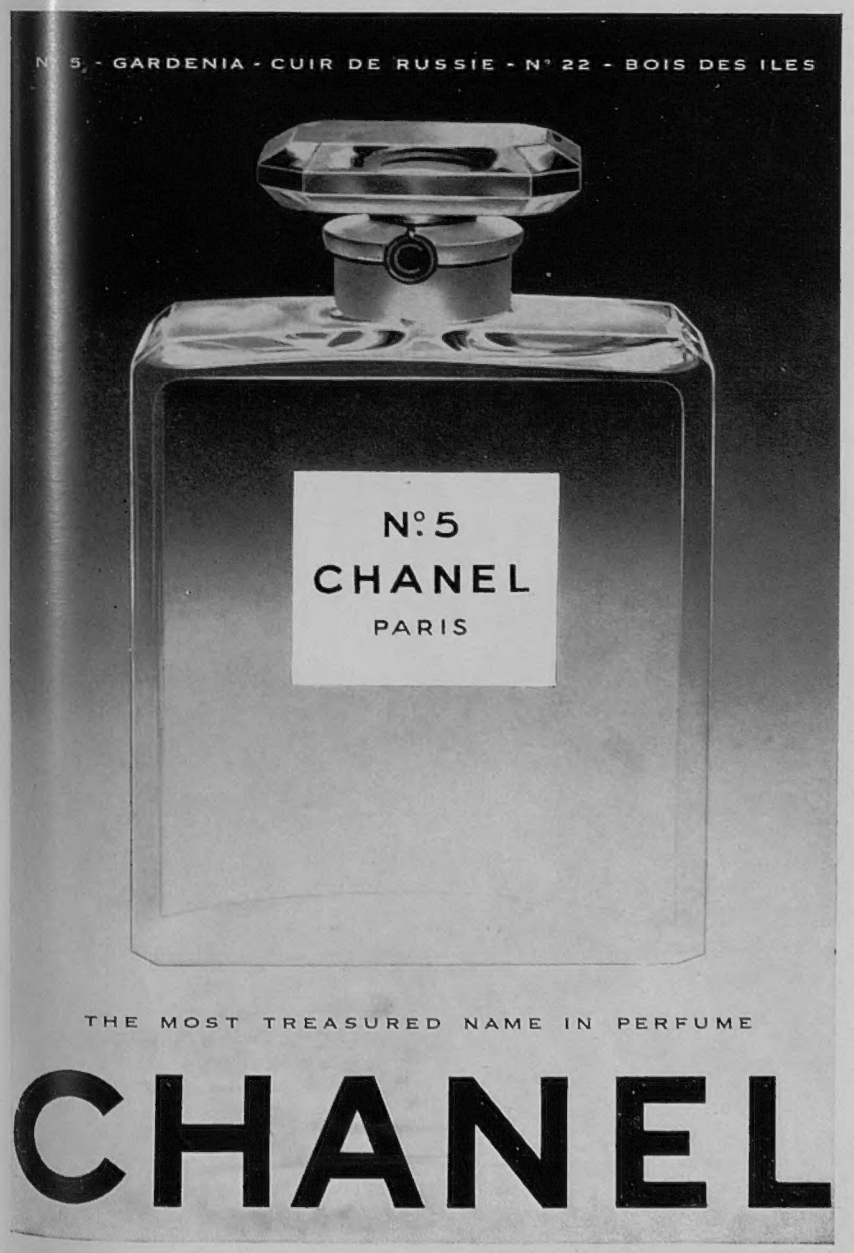

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